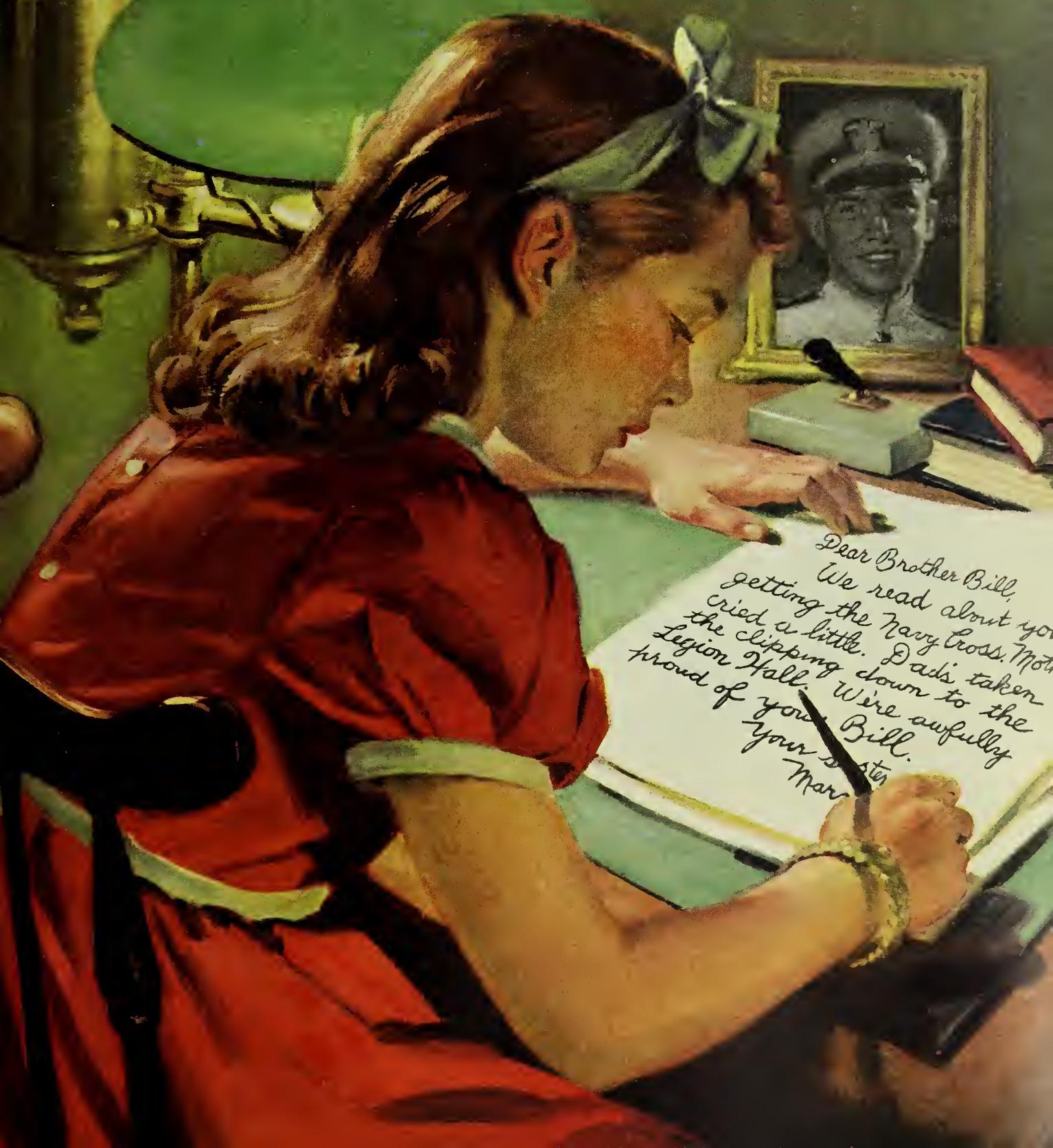


MARCH 1943

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Dear Brother Bill,
We read about you
getting the Navy Cross. Mom
cried a little. Dad taken
the clipping down to the
Legion Hall. We're awfully
proud of you, Bill.
Your son,
Mar.

WOMEN AT WORK
It is estimated 15,000,000 women
are employed in U. S. Industry today

YOU MAY BE NEEDED NOW
Ask at your nearest United States
Employment Service Office

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for my taste

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bang-up smoke and for anybody's money you
can't buy a better cigarette than Chesterfield.

Try them yourself...you'll find Chesterfields
as Mild and Cool as the day is long...and Better-
Tasting, too.

WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST

It's Chesterfield

All in the Same Boat

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER

Illustrated by MONTE CREWS

Crews of merchantmen nowadays are drawn from every one of the United Nations

I AM an Englishman—a “Limey” as you Legionnaires like to call us. In the past eighteen months I have had many experiences in the course of my duty as a radio officer on various ships carrying cargo from your country to mine. From its personnel factor one voyage epitomized for me not only the spirit of the men who man these vessels but also the spirit of the entire allied effort.

There are, perhaps, few people outside the merchant service who know how definitely the United Nations are personally represented on most of the vessels carrying lend-lease victory cargoes to the advance bases of war; it's something about which little has been written. On American-flag ships, of course, the crews are almost entirely made up of Americans, but on the ships operated by the U. S. Maritime Commission under the Panamanian flag, any efficient, friendly alien whose papers are in order is employed.

Not so long ago I, as a Britisher legally resident here, was assigned to duty on board just such a vessel, but instead of going to England I soon found she was headed toward Iceland. When I got aboard I was elected to do most of the clerical work as well as my own job as “Sparks;” that additional work furnished some interesting human-interest, bi-tri-and-sign language material, for I had to make up the crew list. I was surprised to find no less than eighteen different nationalities of the United Nations formed the crew.

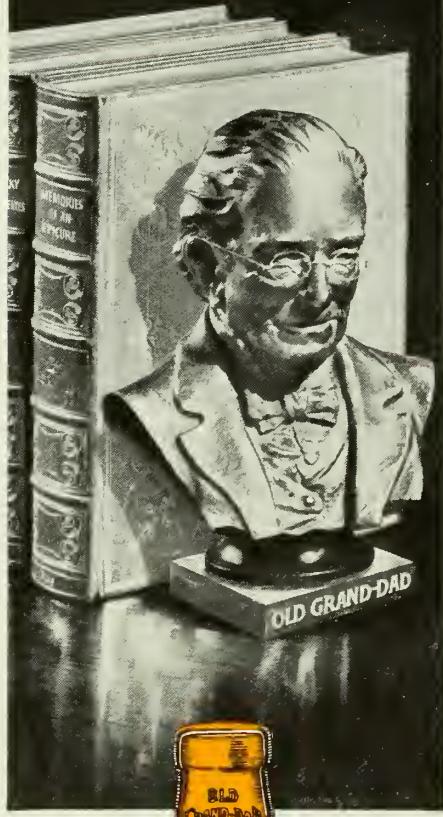
Besides American, English and Canadian sailors, there were seamen from Greece, Cuba, Ecuador, Finland, Holland and Denmark. The captain, chief and second officers were Norwegians, the third mate was from Brooklyn. The chief engineer was an Estonian, his first assistant a Swede. The chief steward was another Limey and, strange as it may seem in this hodge-podge of humanity, from my own home town. His entire staff was composed of Chinese, none of whom had heard any news of wives, children or parents since the sacking of Hong Kong. There were Brazilians, and even little Latvia was represented, while the peoples of Yugoslavia—Croatians, Montenegrans, Slovenes, boundary differences sidetracked for the duration—had adopted sailing as another method of beating the Axis, while their brothers-in-arms in the old country carry on their effective guerilla warfare.

Preparing crew lists involved obtaining names, ages, birthplaces, beneficiaries in the event of death, numerous other items of a personal nature, and it seems superfluous to mention that acquisition of such knowledge of one's shipmates under conditions that simulated those of the Tower of Babel is something of a task. However most of the men had acquired a few words or phrases in some language other than their own and with my own small accumulation of bits of Spanish, French, German, Russian and by the aid of sign language—sometimes the latter would be unique and startling in the exigency of the moment—we managed to understand each other and the crew list was completed.

Imagine the various customs, habits and temperaments confined in the limited space of a small cargo vessel! Yet such was the caliber of the men that racial prejudices were laid aside, but it was only natural that with such a mixed crowd there was bound to be both comedy and tragedy. For (*Continued on page 50*)



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before Pearl Harbor.



BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.



THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



March, 1943

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EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
One Park Avenue, New York City

The Message Center

NO DOUBT there were a good many instances of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" before Pearl Harbor, but possibly few of them conjure up as interesting a scene as this one, taken from *The Battle of Roncesvalles* (August 15, 778) from *The Legends of Charlemagne*: "Archbishop Turpin had changed his crosier for a lance, and chased a new flock [of Saracens] before him to the mountains."

THE Milwaukee Advertising Club, inaugurating in its monthly magazine *The Torch* a "Man of the month" series for the friendly city which entertained the Legion's National Convention in 1941, chose first of all Legionnaire Erwin C. Uihlein, President of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. As a lieutenant, junior grade, he was executive officer of the U. S. S. HAWK in the First World War, and is a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve. According to the Advertising Club citation, Legionnaire Uihlein "developed and owns patents pertaining to electric heat treating furnaces for gun barrels, armor plate, steel products generally, vitreous and enamel ware. He has granted license to the U. S. Navy gratis, as well as to Westinghouse, General Electric and other manufacturers." A graduate of Cornell University and of the Wahl-Henius Institute, Chicago, and Alfred Jorgenson's Laboratories, Copenhagen, Denmark, he belongs to Schlitz Post of the Legion.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

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Weak... Rundown... Nervous... Discouraged and
Depressed because of Vitamin B Complex Lack

Be Sure to Read WHY
WE MAKE THIS AMAZING OFFER

Does your mirror reflect a YOU that is old and haggard-looking instead of the man or woman you ought to be? Well, leading physicians, hospitals and scientists have spent years of research and millions of dollars working with vitamins so that you may be helped by these miraculous vitamins. Yes, if you are nervous, rundown, weak, discouraged, and depressed—if you have physical and mental dullness, neuritis-like aches and pains, low resistance to coughs and colds, poor digestion, lack of ambition, cranky disposition, failing appetite... if you are tired out before your day's work is done, the difference between suffering these symptoms and a feeling of buoyant health may be extra daily B COMPLEX VITAMINS. This gift offer costs you but a few pennies for mailing, yet it may show you an easy way to improve your nerves, your energy, your health, your looks, your work, and your joy of living, particularly if in conjunction with vitamin enriched diet.

PROOF GALORE!

At Rochester, Minnesota, in a world-leading hospital, six healthy people were given every food element necessary to health... except VITAMIN B1. After 88 days they became depressed and discouraged, complained of dizzy spells, developed neuritis-like aches and pains, backache, sore muscles. They spent sleepless nights. They lost appetite, became nervous and quarrelsome. But when these same people were given enough B1, all six

quickly recovered the health and vigor they had lost. These Vitamin capsules we are giving away contain not only MORE than the full daily minimum requirements of B1, but daily minimum requirements of other B COMPLEX VITAMINS per label. These gift vitamins are a special vitamin formula, authentic, as good as any B COMPLEX VITAMINS no matter how high the price. So make up your mind to test VITAMIN B COMPLEX today while we are making it so easy for you to find out what it may do to help you.

DAILY VITAMINS AT ALMOST "GIFT" PRICES

There's no catch to this offer. It's a straightforward business proposition. You immediately become eligible to EXTRA PRIVILEGES AND SAVINGS. The coupon reserves for you a supply of these B COMPLEX VITAMINS. You can cancel this reservation at any time you wish. It's your choice completely. You will receive your B COMPLEX VITAMINS each six weeks in fresh shipments. But you will not be charged for these vitamins at the high price of other nationally known brands—you get full advantage of the savings possible by elimination of retailers' profits through VITAMIN CLUB MEMBERSHIP... a price so low you know you have discovered how to get your B COMPLEX VITAMINS almost as a gift. Truly, now at last, in this offer so sensational it's amazing, these valuable B COMPLEX VITAMINS, ordinarily too high priced for the average family, are in your reach!



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BOOKLET

What are vitamins? How can you get health-building vitamins from "war rationed food"? What have vitamins to do with sex? Get this VITAMIN BOOK that explains important Vitamin questions and answers to you in simple, plain language. It's yours free for prompt action in mailing your gift vitamin coupon promptly. We must know what our yearly production requirement will be. Mail your valuable coupon, or give it to a friend now.

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Compare with any B Complex
Vitamins at any Price

HOW TO GET
YOUR GIFT
VITAMINS

THE VITAMIN CLUB is certainly doing their part in bringing readers this once-in-a-lifetime gift offer. Fill in the gift coupon below, enclose 7¢ and 3¢ stamp (or 10¢ coin) which covers only our cost of handling and mailing the free vitamins to you. There's no doubt but that the vitamins themselves are free—our gift to enable you to decide whether you want to continue with our B COMPLEX Vitamins or not. The coupon also reserves a supply of these same vitamins to be sent you in 100 capsule bottles each 6 weeks as our fresh vitamins are capsuled and bottled. You can cancel this reservation at any time you like. You are bound to nothing beyond giving the gift vitamins a fair and impartial trial. Until you decide, if ever, to cancel this reservation, you will receive 100 of these same vitamins

capsules in the handy bottle each six weeks, paying the SPECIAL VITAMIN CLUB PRICE—only \$2.69 plus postage and C. O. D. charges—NO MORE! You save \$1.84 on each 100 Vitamin B COMPLEX Capsules compared to the \$1 size. You save shopping and delivery worries.

Send the coupon for your gift bottle of B COMPLEX vitamins right now and see for yourself why this is called one of the most amazing vitamin offers ever made to readers. Doctors are fewer and doctors are busy. Improve your diet, get more B1 in your food. Get your sleep and rest. Do your best to stay healthy for Uncle Sam!

We cannot guarantee to keep this offer open indefinitely. Please DON'T DELAY! Send the gift coupon at once!

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THE VITAMIN CLUB DEPT. A-12
168 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose only 7¢ and a 3¢ stamp (or 10¢ coin) to cover handling and mailing cost. Please send me as your gift the regular \$1 bottle (25's) B COMPLEX VITAMIN CAPSULES, and free Vitamin Guide Booklet postpaid. Also reserve a supply of these same vitamin capsules in my name on the understanding I can cancel this reservation at any time I choose. I understand, until canceled by me, you will send me 100 B COMPLEX Vitamin capsules each 6 weeks and I will pay postman only \$2.69 (plus postage and C. O. D. charges) on arrival and no more.

The Gift Bottle of Vitamins Is Mine To Keep No Matter What

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Third floor back...

● It's 4 p.m. on a quiet street.

A slip of a girl, with a suitcase a little too heavy for her, climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is beating fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that maybe now she understands a little bit of what Tom must have felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

Millions of men and women today are finding themselves in strange surroundings—in situations they couldn't have imagined a few years ago. They are giving up their pleasures and comforts—and often much more—to bring future good to the whole world. And they don't mind—too much—because it will be worth it.

Industry, too, has put aside for the duration its never-ending job of supplying those pleasures and comforts which have helped to make life fuller and better in

America than anywhere else in the world. Industry is working today with strange new materials, toward grimmer goals—but working with the *same ingenuity and skill, organization and experience, initiative and resourcefulness*. For these things are as much a part of American industry as they are of Americans.

And because they are, we have not found today's production task, big as it is, too big. Because they are, we shall not find tomorrow's challenge, great as it will be, too great. With new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics, offering hope and fuller opportunity; but with the old American ingenuity and courage and enterprise—we shall face the task of building a better world. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

962-466H-211



The Substitute Bugler



By

JOHN A. BALLARD

THE company headquarters or orderly tent of most organizations enjoys the privilege of having a shaded light burning after Taps, in cases where there is some special work to be finished. In a certain Infantry Division headquarters company on a recent night, the Company Clerk, Corporal Swope, was taking advantage of this. Although at the moment he was reading a copy of *Yank*, the soldier's periodical, he had some payroll sheets handy with which to cover it in case the Officer-of-the-Day or an inspector dropped in. Taps was just being blown and the corporal winced as he heard the occasional sour notes and hesitant pauses that recurred throughout what is normally the most impressive of all bugle calls.

The tent's screen-door creaked and the Company Clerk reached for some of the payroll sheets. He desisted when he saw that it was the First Sergeant returning from pass in town that evening.

Sergeant Black hesitated in the doorway. "Swope," he demanded, "which one of them lousy windjammers of ours just murdered that call?"

"A new guy, Sergeant," replied the corporal. "Olsen was due to go on but the pill-rollers put him in the hospital today at sick-call, account of his teeth or something, and while you was in town this afternoon Sweeney was shipped out in a hurry with a cadre for some new Division. We checked the classification cards and found a bird named Benner who claimed he'd bugled in some school band somewhere. The cap'n was away but that new executive looey told me to replace Olsen with Benner on the guard roster for bugler. He give him Sweeney's first class private's stripes too. I made a note of it for a company order and the payroll. Pretty good for a kid who just finished basic training, eh? He had the tailor sew on his stripes right away."

The first sergeant's name described his countenance as he heard this. He strode into the tent. "Git away from that desk," he growled. "How many times have I gotta tell you that only me or a company officer ever uses the first sergeant's desk in any outfit I'm top-kick of?" He settled himself in his chair, hurriedly vacated by the clerk. He pushed his cap back on his bald head and put his feet on the desk.

"You see, Swope," he began, "that's the main thing wrong with this man's

New Army today. They let some punk tell you he's somethin' and knows all about it and then you find he ain't and don't. Now take the Division Commander," he continued. "He knows his stuff and now he's a Major General. But he was a bugler once, in the Spanish-American War . . . for the Rough Riders, I heard. At fifteen years of age . . . musta lied about that to git in. I'll bet you a mile of skirmish line he learned it the hard way.

"Lots of practice after drill on his own time and a thorough check made on all his calls by a troop officer before he ever was permitted to march on guard. An' here you and a new shavetail put a guy on and promote him to lance corporal, who makes Taps sound like a combination of Chow-call and Call-to-arms! Why, in the Old Army . . ."

His voice trailed off in disgust. He picked up the corporal's garrison cap from his desk and flung it across the tent. "Anyway," he added, "you bust him right back to a buck private and give him this week-end K.P. I'll tell the Skipper about it tomorrow and rustle up a new bugler."

"Speaking of the Old Army, Sarge," said the grinning clerk as he retrieved his cap, "did you hear about old Sergeant Flaherty of the Engineers goin' over the hill?"

"Yeah, I know," said the other. "Saw him in a saloon in town today. A se-

lectee told him he couldn't use a wheelbarrow because he didn't understand machinery! Old Pop Flaherty just walked off the job. He'll be back. He done the same thing when I was servin' with him out at old Fort Missoula, Montana in 1910. He was Sergeant-of-the-Guard. Soldiers didn't have no fancy wrist-watches then and when the Guardhouse clock stopped in the middle of the night, one of his Corporals-of-the-Guard took a lantern to go out to look at the sundial to see what time it was! Pop finished his guard tour and then took distance for town, just like he done today."

On his way to his own tent Corporal Swope made a visit to the guard tent to inform Bugler Benner of the change in his military fortunes and to give him timely notice of the forthcoming kitchen police tour two days later.

When the clerk had departed, Benner threw himself on a bunk, his face buried in his pillow. His thoughts raced wildly. If only he hadn't written that special delivery letter home today. A nice kettle of fish this was! His mother and father, bringing his girl, coming to see him this week-end. Pa had saved gas for the trip, Ma had written, and couldn't come any other time. Instead of the proud first class private polishing his bugle, they'd find a lowly K. P. in fatigue clothes in the kitchen polishing greasy pans! He'd been pretty good in the high school drum and bugle corps, he recalled, but thirteen weeks of basic military training had intervened since then.

This thought brought him abruptly
(Continued on page 52)



After the appropriate interval the remaining calls for Reveille were blown perfectly

Soldier's No. 1 Pal

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



They arrange for hospitalization, and without red tape, if the soldier's family needs help

AMONG the songs written by the late George M. Cohan was "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby." The second line was "I need the money bad, indeed I do."

Which might well be the slogan of the many who apply—and successfully, without tape—red, adhesive, or any other variety—to Army Emergency Relief.

You're in the Army. Your son, your husband, your brother is in the Army, Mr., Miss or Mrs. Jones. Now Army Emergency Relief—something tells me that I am about to refer to it as AER—takes care of the pressing needs of the soldier and his dependents. Emergency

is an elastic word. It doesn't mean that the soldier's folks are starving or freezing. Relief is an easement from trouble and real worry—one of the Four Freedoms—freedom from want.

I may as well come clean. What I knew about Army Emergency Relief was that it is something that sports events and theater performances were given for the benefit of. Something that the soldier show, "This Is The Army" will give about \$5,000,000 to. I was vague about it, for I don't recall that we had an AER in the 1917-1918 A.E.F. I do remember that I was the relief of the home emergency, and that half my pay was deducted for what was called

F. P. A. of *Information Please*, a captain in the 1918 A. E. F., here tells the story, and a heart-warming one it is, of what Army Emergency Relief is doing to protect the soldier's folks at home

Allotment. Of course, we could go directly to the American Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., or the Salvation Army.

But now, the AER will give cash, cash on the line. If the soldier needs some and expects money later—dice and poker don't come under the head of expectations—he gets the money from AER, and pays it back in installments.

And in coöperation with the Red Cross, the AER will arrange for medical or surgical care, food, fuel, clothing, and countless other needs that come up out of a soldier's clear sky.

Now, this is not one of those patronizing welfare organizations, though it has the welfare of the soldier's family—that usually being his main worry—at heart. When there is delay in getting pay—and transfers of soldiers occasionally disrupt bookkeeping—the AER takes care of that family. When a man—the family wage earner—is inducted, and the family budget goes haywire, again the AER steps in, as it does when rent, medical problems, and unforeseen expenses arise at home. The greatest of these is childbirth. When the father is in the Army, far from the hospitals, the AER does some vicarious obstetrics, if only by letting the prospective mother know that her worry won't be financial.

What things come up? The other day a pale, worried little woman, 24, came to one of the AER offices. Her husband had been inducted into the Army two months previously. She owed one month's rent and the electric light bill, and was being legally dunned for instalments on the furniture. The AER got the furniture company to drop the action and let the wife pay off in easier stages after she began getting her husband's allotment. But the AER gave her—no strings to it—enough dough to tide her over. You can multiply that by hundreds of thousands, for it is the people's Army, and most of us civilian's of all ages haven't got a month's supply of money to take care of the chief



requisites, things that most of us have at present, in varying degrees: food, lodging, and raiment.

ILL tell you another—right off the record. A woman of 55 came to an AER office. She was much frightened, because her husband suddenly had been taken ill and had to go to a hospital for an operation. He is still there. Her son, Charlie, now in the Army, always had taken care of them—as the father had been able to work only off and on as a helper on a van. The hospital indicated that there might be need for a blood transfusion, and asked Charlie's mother to get her friends to contribute; she had no such friends. Could the AER help her? Yes, a free blood transfusion was arranged for, and they also gave her \$15 which she said was plenty, as the landlord said he'd wait.

This verbatim is a letter from a woman in the Bronx, New York City—I have these names and addresses too:

"I suppose my story is no different from millions of others whose lives have been upset because the source of income has suddenly been reduced.

"Up until six months ago, my family, consisting of my son and I, were fairly comfortable. I had a nice job and my son was working his way through the university on a scholarship. Overnight, I lost my job, and he was called to serve his country. Troubles began to pile up. Before long I was deep in debt on my rent; my gas and electricity were shut off, and I had a dispossess. In addition, I was in need of money for food. AER came to my assistance. They did a lot of things for me that you might call 'personal service.' I felt that their work came from the heart.

"Through the Legal Aid Society, AER got the court to postpone action on my dispossess so that I was able to find cheaper quarters in line with my reduced income. AER got the utility company

to agree to turn on my gas and electricity on payment of something on account on the bills in arrears. AER gave me a cash grant with which to provide my food needs for some weeks. In addition, they helped me with my allotment application and contracted one of the social agencies who are continuing to give me financial assistance until such time as my allotment check comes through.

"Through their Employment Bureau, they opened up some job opportunities for me, of which I trust to avail myself just as soon as I feel strong enough to return to work.

"I have shared all this with my son, and I know that it has given him peace of mind, which I suppose a soldier should have. I have never thought of what AER has done for me in any other way than the good deeds of a good friend. I am sure that they are doing this same service for all soldiers' families who are contacting them, and who may be in need of temporary aid. The treatment given me is the treatment that one would expect in a Democracy. I understand better now, than I ever did before what it is that we are fighting for and how much worthwhile that fight is."

OH, YES, before I forget. No overhead, no salaries for "executive secretary," no postage, no item listed as "sundry expenses." For the AER is administered by officers and men of the Army of the United States, by War Department employees, and by volunteer

civilian workers. No deductions of any sort for administrative or other purposes. Few indeed are the organizations that such a thing is true of. Most soldiers apply at the post or camp station, or of course, direct to the AER, Washington, D.C. Even if you write or telegraph Washington, you needn't fear that the application will get lost between desks. It goes with almost incredible celerity. *Bis dat qui cito dat*, which means when a guy needs dough, he needs it now. Next week may be too late.

I read through the Army Emergency Relief Hand Book—42 single-spaced pages of it. . . . It says Yes.

It doesn't read like the average lease, the solid agate part of which tells you that the party of the second part can't do this or that and keep out of jail; or the fine print clauses of insurance policies, which always imply to me that I am a fox and a crook, whose sole purpose is to cheat a benevolent institution. The Army Emergency Relief makes no bones about its decency. It is out to help, and nothing else. It assumes—I'm that way myself, though there is one man who, I hope, fries in hell—that people are honest.

"In determining dependency," says the Hand Book, prepared by Major General Irving J. Phillipson, U.S. Army, "no hard and fast rules of relationship, or degrees of affection can be applied, nor will the fact that other sources of support may be available always bar

(Continued on page 48)



The service-flag home is a responsibility of AER when things go wrong



The Next Time We See Paris

THE next time that Americans in numbers see Paris will be upon a "day of glory that is as certain as tomorrow's sun" and the first of our compatriots who enter the City of Light will probably be soldiers or sailors or marines or all three. It is our belief that they will arrive to march under triumphant banners in a great Peace Parade and that they will be greeted by a cheering populace almost incredulous to be aware once more that nightmares end with sunrise. It is more than possible that

among the Parisians, and in all France, too, there will be spiritual sores slow to heal, internecine bitternesses beyond easy control; but even if French troops shall first have occupied Paris in order to restore the peace rather than to celebrate it, nevertheless I think the people will cheer ours when they appear once more upon the Champs Elysées in marching order and that "*Le jour du gloire est arrivé*" will be sung by liberated multitudes.

Afterward, the rest of us who have always had a warm heart for Paris—Legionnaires, travelers, tourists, old sojourners and former dwellers by the Seine—will begin to return. What sort of Paris shall we find?

What sort of Paris did we know aforetime, and what will be the difference between that Paris and the Paris of after the New Peace? We're neither bland enough nor rash enough to prophesy. We dare only to speculate.

We know, of course—or at least at this present writing we think we know—that the outward Paris will still be there looking much as it did, for instance, when the Legion held festal and fraternal reunion there in 1927. The Paris of the tourists—the Grand Boulevards, the Place de la Concorde, the Madeleine, the Rue de Rivoli, the Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, the Gardens of the

Tuileries, the Sainte Chapelle, the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Luxembourg, the Place de l'Opera, the Bois de Boulogne, the Place Vendôme—will all look familiarly "much as usual;" and newcomers will brightly discover as of yore that the Café de la Paix is the center of the world and that if you sit there half an hour someone will pass whom you knew at home long ago.

The historically curious will again investigate the Carnavalet, Cluny, the Conciergerie, Robespierre's house on the Rue St. Honoré, the Place des Vosges, the Garden of the Carmelites, sunny now but bloodied in the September Massacres in 1792, and the turreted stone gateway out of which rode the young Duc de Guise to begin the St. Bartholomew by killing Admiral Coligny. More lively-minded travelers may seek and find, surviving and perhaps revived for the new trade, old restaurants, cafés and "night spots." Well cleaned of Nazis, Montmartre externally may seem to be its old self once more. Unbombed stone, brick, tile and stucco will not show much alteration; but, after all, Paris has always been inhabited by the Parisians, an ancient race highly distinctive, one that through centuries has at intervals endured great sufferings and changes, without itself changing its essential quality. Will it be vitally changed now after the severest of all its scourged endurance?

The ghost of François Villon could chat understandingly and upon easy terms with the ghost of Paul Verlaine;





"This too shall pass away. A distinguished American envisages the day when the City of Light, yet again delivered from the barbarian, will fling open wide its gates to let the victors in

Illustrated by WALLACE MORGAN

what might be called practical purposes. Now, having crossed from London, I had to clear my trunk at the Gare du Nord. A middle-aged customs officer, who spoke nothing but French, stood ready, chalk in hand, to mark the trunk for clearance and asked me if I had anything to declare: Did my baggage contain any tobacco or liquor?

I understood him readily, and, being an anxiously honest youth—at least in such a matter—replied “Oui.”

Upon this, he looked fatigued. Plainly he thought life would be simpler if I’d said “Non.” He waited and I tried to tell him in French that my trunk contained three hundred cigarettes purchased in London; but for a reason I can’t yet explain I didn’t say that my trunk contained three hundred cigarettes. I said it contained three hundred thousand cigarettes.

He stared at me. “Trois cent mille?” he said. “Impossible!”

“Oui,” I responded. “Je sais bien que c’est impossible, Monsieur.” Then nervously and laboriously I tried to explain that I had added the word “mille” out of mere inadvertence and that I was nervous because this was the first time I had ever attempted to use the French language in conversation. “Ceci est la première fois de toute ma vie et je suis un peu confusé,” I said, and continued, becoming more laborious and more nervous with every word I uttered.

I tried to tell him that I had not

intended to say three hundred thousand—I’d meant three hundred only—but the accursed “mille” intruded itself repeatedly; I was helpless to exclude it and this is a close translation of what I said: “I regret but I have studied French for five years but this moment here is the first time in all my life when I have essayed to speak in that tongue. I have erred when I said the trunk contained three hundred thousand cigarettes; I intended to say that it contained only three hundred thousand. Now I have said it again; but it is an error. I have no alcohol but I wish to declare that in my trunk are three—three hundred thousand cigarettes.”

“No.” He had become grave. “No trunk will hold three hundred thousand cigarettes. No trunk in all the world will hold three hundred thousand cigarettes.”

“That is true,” I said. “I know it well. This is the first time I have ever essayed to speak French and I have some nerves.” Then I did it again. “I wished not to say three hundred thousand; I wished to say only three—three hundred thousand cigarettes.”

“Go away!” he said, and made gestures of expulsion. “Go away from me, if you please. Immediately! I am a good citizen and I have an excellent mind; but I shall have none at all if you continue talking to me.” He chalked the trunk decisively. “Take it away with you, only go!” he said. “If I listen to you any more I shall be removed to the Hospital for the Insane at Charenton. It is better for the government that it should lose whatever you would pay on your cigarettes than that it should lose me. I no longer

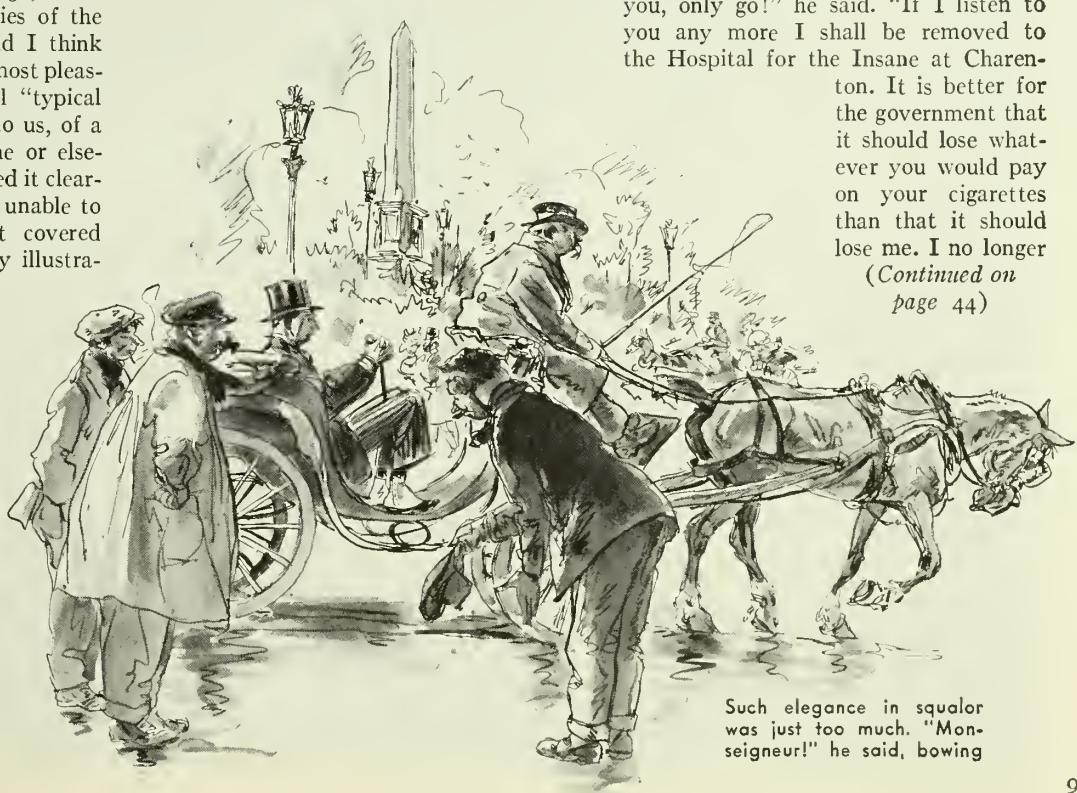
(Continued on
page 44)

By Booth Tarkington

but would either of these wraiths, eavesdropping about old haunts, find itself a stranger among Parisians who’ve had to live actual years in a German Paris? Even the words “a German Paris” are shocking. What must be the shock of the fact itself to the minds and souls of the Parisians!

Americans of my generation who went to live a while among the Parisians, something like a half century ago, had a great delight in their discoveries of the quality of the native race, and I think the characteristic that gave us most pleasure was what we liked to call “typical Parisian humor.” It was new to us, of a kind we hadn’t known at home or elsewhere, and, though we recognized it clearly as an existent fact, we were unable to find a general definition that covered it; we could only express it by illustration—that is, by samples of it. It’s possible to say that in Parisian wit there’s almost always something satiric; but we found Parisian humor to be too wide and varied a field for such a generalization. My own first sample of it was somewhat thrust upon me during the first few moments of my first arrival.

I’d had five years of school and college French, which didn’t include “conversation classes” but concentrated upon Gallic literature, and never before had I attempted to speak a word of French for



Such elegance in squalor was just too much. “Monseigneur!” he said, bowing



"What are these little letters stamped in the steel? Yours?"

THE coroner got up from his knees and wiped his hands, then his trousers, with his handkerchief.

"He's been dead about an hour," he offered.

Detective Sergeant Jim Casey, Michigan State Police, turned off his flashlight and ducked his head deeper into the collar of his year-before-last civilian overcoat. Rain, mixed with snow, blurred the neon sign at the all-night barbecue on Woodward Avenue Extended, a quarter-mile across the muddy field.

The body lay in a puddle outside the wire fence of the Wolverine Precision plant north of Ferndale. It sprawled on its back with arms flung outward, wet face turned to weeping sky, an old gray civilian coat half covering a blue police uniform.

Casey glanced around the huddle of men . . . Gregory, night superintendent at Wolverine Precision, big John Johnson, chief of plant police, Mertons, the timekeeper, Binski, the guard who had found the body.

"Who is this party?" Casey demanded.

Chief Johnson said, "Holmes. Frank Holmes. Yeh, plant guard. Good man. Been here four, five months, midnight to eight A.M. Yeh, this was his beat, outside the wire along this side."

Casey turned the light on his watch. It was ten minutes of one.

"You mean he just came to work at midnight?"

Binski interrupted: "Twenty minutes of. I was with him."

"Who're you?" Casey wanted to know.

"I patrol next beat north." The man pointed through the rain. "We come in

twenty minutes early. You'll find it on the time clock. Frank went straight to your office, Chief."

"What for?" Johnson demanded.

"Something happened on way here, I guess. We ride same bus from Royal Oak, stop every night to Charley the Greek's for coffee." The guard nodded toward the neon sign. "After we leave there tonight, something strikes Frank's mind and he wants to see you right away."

The coroner interrupted, "I've got to run. Inquest will be tomorrow. Better call in undertaker, officer."

Casey and the plant chief both answered, "Yeh." But it was two o'clock before the body was taken away. In that time Casey determined that no one had heard the shot. About ten minutes after twelve, a noisy squall had struck, bringing rain. At its height even a man with good ears might not hear a pistol shot at a hundred yards. Casey took the dead man's revolver out of his hip holster. It was an S. & W. .38-caliber police model and had not been fired. But a slug of similar caliber had landed behind the fellow's right ear.

The office of Chief Johnson was warm and dry and Casey backed against the radiator and looked at the others. The sheriff had arrived, also Blakehouse, the plant's general manager, swinging his rimless glasses nervously, letting his voice pitch up like a kid's. Lieutenant Arthur, the Navy inspector, dripped in and stood now next to Casey, with one wet leg up against the radiator. Binski was there, looking sick, and Gregory, the night superintendent, and Johnson's secretary, a fat woman named Kinder, with a head cold.

THE RIGHT .38

by KARL DETZER

Casey asked Binski to repeat his story.

"I go past Frank's house at eleven, like usual. I whistle and out he comes. No, we don't talk much. Neither of us is a hand for talking much. No sir, he don't talk to nobody on the bus, either. We get off at the Greek's for our java . . ."

"Who was there? Anybody you knew?" Casey asked mildly.

"Why, yes, quite a few. Mr. Blakehouse . . ."

"I was picking up some sherbet for my wife," Blakehouse broke in, twirling his glasses faster. "You can ask the proprietor . . ."

"Okay," Casey said. "Who else?"

"I must have been, sir," the Navy lieutenant volunteered. "I'd been in my office and needed coffee. It must have been about then."

Binski agreed, "You sure was there. You set across from us. Somebody else in uniform, too, soldier or marine or something, with a dame. But I remember you. You spilled your coffee."

"That's right." The lieutenant smiled.

He brushed a bit of mud from a mended spot on his trouser leg. "It was hot."

Casey persisted, "Anybody else?"

"Why, Mr. Mertons, the timekeeper. He was eatin' a steak smothered. I tell poor Frank, now ain't that quite a steak. Must take up a whole week's voluntary ration."

Mertons, a fat man with a red face, eyed Binski distastefully.

"Who else?" Casey demanded. "Quite a family party."

"Some guys from the plant. Don't know their name."

"Did your partner, Holmes, say anything? About anyone?"

"No, sir. Tell you we don't never talk much."

"Anything startle him?"

"Dunno, sergeant," Binski finally decided. "Didn't watch close. Only outside he says sudden, 'Why, now I remember,' and starts to walk fast. I ask what and he says never mind, he wants the chief. I leave him inside the gate."

"So he remembers something." Casey looked at the faces. "How many of you was at the Greek's? You, Mr. Blakehouse. You, Mertons. You, lieutenant . . . I didn't get your name . . ."

"Arthur, sir."

"That's right, Arthur. And some workers. Have to look them up. Meantime, we'll talk to you first, Miss," he indicated the office woman. "And you, Binski. You stay, too, Chief. Rest of you wait outside."

Juanita Kinder, Chief Johnson's night secretary, talked more about her head cold than about the crime. She did establish, however, that Guard Holmes appeared, agitated, at ten minutes of twelve, as Binski said, and demanded Chief Johnson. When she told him it was the boss's evening off but he might drop in at twelve-thirty, Holmes said:

"Tell him I got to see him. It's important. There's a plot . . ."

"Plot?" Casey repeated. "Sure he used that word?"

"Would I say so if he didn't?" the woman flared. "I said I'd tell the boss

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAVSON

and this guard says okay, tell him to come to Post 5 quick. So when I tell Mr. Johnson he says okay and starts."

"What time was that?" Casey jogged her.

"Twenty minutes of one."

"Plot," Casey repeated after she was gone. "Binski, that fits. Think again now."

But the guard insisted: Holmes had said nothing more, not even after they started patrol. His post, Number 4, adjoined Holmes's on the north. They each walked some hundred yards of fence. Ending his beat, Binski always waited for Holmes. Holmes walked slower than he did. He'd no idea how many trips they'd made tonight . . . Six maybe . . . when Holmes didn't turn up. Binski waited briefly then went to investigate. Fifty yards away, he found the body in the mud.

"So I holler and run for the gate when a flashlight pokes at me and it's

(Continued on page 32)



"He's been dead about an hour," the coroner offered



Fustest with the Mostest

The number of men and the amount of material that can be set down by these giant planes is almost fantastic

By **CAPTAIN STERLING PATTERSON**
Air Corps, Troop Carrier Command

NOT until the new A.E.F. opened its surprise African front and changed the complexion of the world struggle, had anything been known by the public of airborne warfare as it might be waged by Americans. With a spectacular 1,500-mile non-stop flight, hauling parachute troops from England to engage in the assault upon Oran, American troop carriers moved into the limelight. This was the longest airborne invasion on record. And it aroused general interest in the Troop Carrier Command, its history and its mission.

Youngest of Army Air Forces branches, the Troop Carrier Command was organized in May, 1942, was made a separate command and given its present name a month later, and was formally announced by Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, on July 17, 1942. Yet today units of the Troop Carrier Command are to be found scattered all over the world, wherever United States military forces are engaged. Already General Eisenhower has officially commended one Troop

Carrier Wing; and the quality of the Troop-Carrier effort is further attested by a War Department announcement on December 21, 1942, of the award of decorations to 43 Troop-Carrier personnel. Conceived in the offensive spirit epitomized by its motto, "He conquers who gets there first," a more elegant version of General Forrest's "git thar fustest with the mostest men," the Troop Carrier Command represents a vital, striking force.

To the Troop Carrier Command is

delegated the duty of Training Troop Carrier units whose primary mission is to provide for the air movement of air landing troops, glider-borne troops, parachute troops and their equipment, and the air evacuation of wounded; and it is further charged with the responsibility for making such units available to meet established requirements in the theaters of war.

If it is necessary to take an airfield in order to land troops, Troop Carrier squadrons pour in the parachute troops and follow with airborne infantry when the paratroopers have done their job. If troops must be landed deep in enemy territory to cut hostile communications or capture an important installation, Troop Carrier squadrons haul them, either by planes alone or by planes and gliders, and put them down where they will do the most good. Ground forces isolated by enemy action are supplied from the air by these squadrons. Wounded are cared for and evacuated by air-trained medical personnel carried by Troop Carriers.

During maneuvers held in October deep in the heart of Texas,



A squad of glider-borne infantry prepares to board its ship



The Army's Troop Carrier Command "Gits Thar" in the best General Forrest Manner

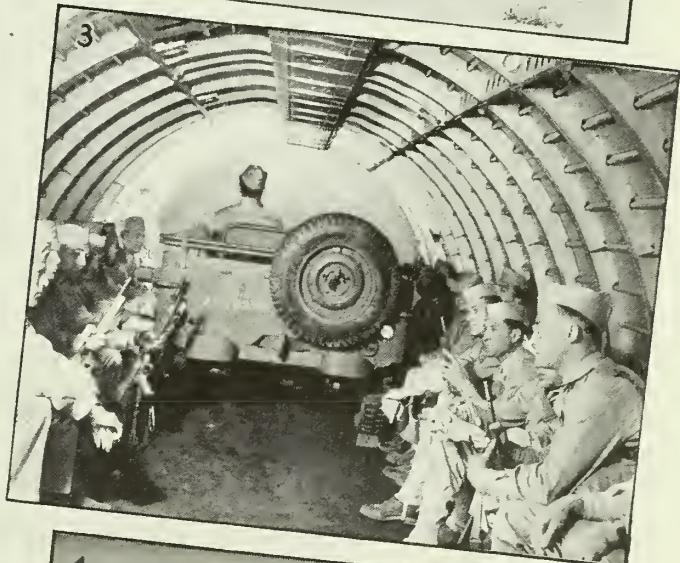
all these various functions were practiced under simulated battle conditions. The field exercises, participated in by the Airborne Command, the Second Infantry Division—a part of Lieutenant General Walter Kreuger's Third Army—and the Troop Carrier Command, were the first of the sort ever to be held in the United States. Witnessed by high officers representing varied branches of the service, they made a profound impression.

From the Troop Carrier Command were dispatched two Groups and a glider-equipped Squadron under the command of Colonel Maurice M. Beach. In Texas, these air units joined with an airborne infantry task-force composed of combat teams of the Second Infantry Division and selected units of parachute troops, all under the command of Major General Walter M. Robertson, C.O., of the Second Division. For more than a month, troop carriers hauled paratroopers to strategic airports, dropped them, and thus paved the way for the arrival of scores of sister ships loaded with airborne soldiers and cars and field guns and ammunition.

The maneuvers called for operations at three points which form a triangle along the Mexican border—Brackettville, Eagle Pass and Del Rio. At each point where a problem was worked out, a design of simulated warfare fell into four phases. First came the seizure of the airports by the paratroopers. Once landed, the "umbrella men" theoretically captured the enemy installation, set up radio communication and by this means, together with pyrotechnics and ground panels, directed the incoming transports to their landings.

The second phase was the deplaning of the airborne infantry, the unloading of their jeeps and field pieces, ammunition and supplies. As soon as they were empty, the planes took off again and brought in more men, more jeeps, more field pieces, more supplies. Over and over again this procedure was repeated, even after daylight had given place to dark.

Resupply on the second day, consisting of flying in additional troops and equipment as well as the dropping of food and ammunition by gaily colored parachutes, formed the third phase. The big carriers flew a veritable Round Robin, with parapacks plopping to earth in a steady rain. To supply-hungry soldiers, these packs, floating down like bright silken bubbles, were as manna from heaven. Other camouflaged carriers roared to the airports with huge gliders in tow. Quickly, the gliders were cut loose, landed and parked at the unloading area. As the silent, motorless craft ended their brief (Continued on page 48)



1. A simulated casualty is placed in a ship for the trip back.
2. A jeep goes up under its own power into the capacious Curtiss Commando.
3. Safely stowed, the Ford jeep rides aloft with the air-borne infantrymen.
4. A gun-carrying car swings quickly into action as support for parachutists.
5. The troops go aboard for their trip to the battle area

Victory: On From There

By O. GLENN SAXON

Professor of Economics, Yale University

EVERY real American has but one immediate objective in the war now ravaging the world—a prompt and conclusive victory. But in attainment of that victory we must be alert that we do not lose the liberties which have made America great and kept her free. Of equal importance to winning the war is the preservation within America of Constitutional Democracy—a pattern for the rest of the world in the soul-testing years of reconstruction ahead. For if we defeat the enemy abroad only to lose our liberties at home, victory will be sterile.

Last November the free voters of a free nation registered vigorous protest against prevailing confusion and inefficiency in Washington, against politics in the prosecution of the war, and quite emphatically demanded a moratorium on attempts to revolutionize our Constitutional Democracy under the guise of war emergency.

In due course, the voters of this country will speak just as effectively on what kind of peace they are fighting for and the kind of America they want after the war. At the ballot box the people, voting as Americans and not as Democrats or Republicans seeking partisan advantages, will determine whether the American dream has ended or whether, after the war, it will continue to guide our destinies to even higher accomplishments and lead other nations out of chaos into the democratic way of life.

For ten years before Pearl Harbor the United States had been engaged in a bloodless but corrosive revolution, a struggle between so-called old and new deals—cutting across all party lines. Pressure groups were relentlessly forcing their special interests upon the country with total contempt for the public interest. Strange doctrines, stemming from socialist, fascist, and communist ideologies of Europe, were pitting class against class, undermining the fundamentals of self-government, and destroying the economic and social concepts upon which America was founded and has prospered as no other nation in history.

Under guise of war necessity, the revolution against our heritage is being pushed more vigorously than ever, in many quarters. Yet, it should be clear to everyone from the history of Europe and Asia since 1932 that the only hope

for future world peace and for preservation of nations of free men and women lies in making world-wide the Constitutional Democracy which has made America the inspiration of the world. If dictatorship survives in any substantial portion of the globe in the post-war world, there can be no peace. For the present struggle is more than war between nations. It is in essence, war between the totalitarianism of slave states and the constitutional democracies of free men and women. There can be no compromise. One or the other must perish.

Just what is Constitutional Democracy?

To us accustomed to the form and spirit of freedom as a part of our daily lives, a mere definition seems trite and meaningless. Herein lies our greatest domestic danger. There are those among us who, while preserving the form, are actively destroying the basic principles which underlie the substance of our way of life. They trade on words, preserving old slogans and time-honored phrases, while imputing to them strange and dire meanings. Constitutional Democracy becomes "democracy," bare-faced demagoguery, the unrestrained rule of the majority without individual or minority rights. This means dictatorship with all its totalitarian controls, whether they be communist, fascist, or some popularized American brand.

CONSTITUTIONAL Democracy pledges, first of all, protection of the individual in his life, liberty and property from action (either individual or governmental) contrary to the due process of law guaranteed by the Constitution. It means rule of law upheld by fearless, impartial courts, and changeable only by amendment processes provided in the Constitution. It assures protection for minorities—sectional, racial, economic, and religious—from a ruthless majority on those issues where there can never be a consensus. It guarantees freedom of speech and press, regulated so as to prevent abuse of the rights of others.

It permits freedom of the individual to choose his own occupation, freedom to work, freedom to strike and to bargain collectively. It enforces freedom of enterprise, of contract, of competition; freedom from monopoly from any source—industry, labor, or government. It

Illustrated by HERB STOOPS

offers opportunity to develop one's in-born abilities to the maximum, earn in proportion to one's contribution, accumulate property and pass it on to one's loved ones. It maintains economic freedom in all walks of life, regulated by an impartial government to prevent abuse of the rights of others and the public interest.

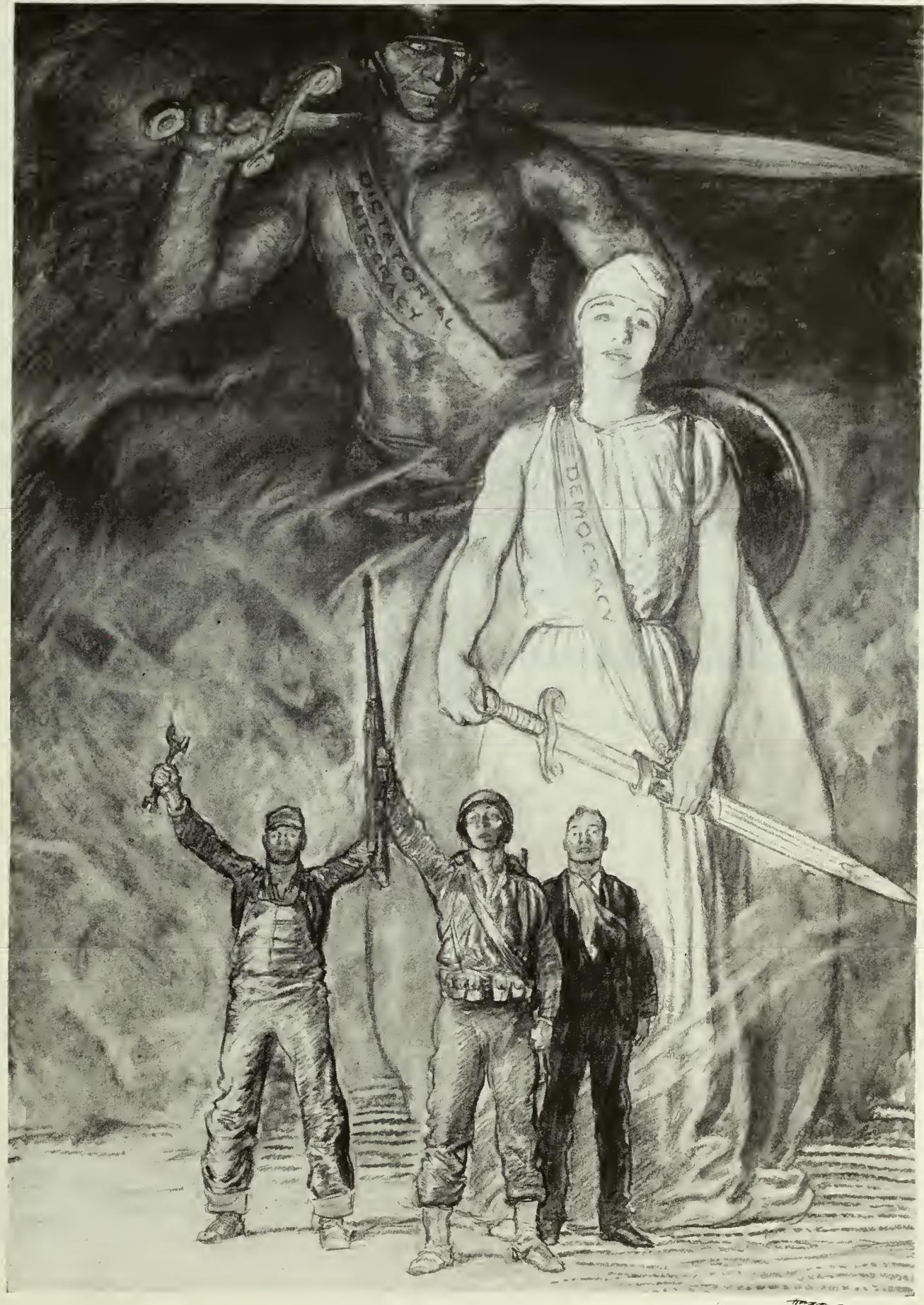
Constitutional Democracy provides a government to regulate economic life subject only to constitutional limitations set up by the people themselves. It is government without bias, fear, or prejudice, government acting as an umpire, one which does not call the signals or run with the ball. For government which interferes with economic freedom, other than to prevent abuse or to protect the public interest, substitutes management for regulation and becomes a dictatorship with its subjects surrendering their liberties for an illusory security.

Economic freedom is the basis of all freedoms, none of which can long survive its destruction. Without it, the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter are empty phrases. Without economic freedom, Constitutional Democracy is impossible. When the state dominates all factors of production, capital, land, and labor, under the guise of economic security, freedom is gone forever. For the death of individual ingenuity and enterprise marks the birth of dictatorship of one kind or another.

Constitutional Democracy demands representative government directly responsible to the people through the polls. It requires the determination of the complex problems of government by representatives elected for their ability to understand and resolve issues too complicated for solution by Gallup Polls or the ballot-box.

Constitutional Democracy can exist only under a two-party system, each accepting the verdict of the polls, confident that minority rights will be rigorously respected by the majority. The minority party is the watch-dog of the rights of the whole people, a constant warning to the majority of the temporary nature of its power. Destruction of the two-party system spells the end of constitutional freedom. In Russia we see communism; in Italy, fascism; in Germany, hitlerism; in Japan, military

(Continued on page 42)



Our victory will be a hollow one if government by decree stands over us. Dr. Saxon points out: "When the state dominates all factors of production, capital, land and labor, under the guise of economic security, freedom is gone forever."



'See You in Manila!'

By FRANC SHOR

SERGEANT EUSTACIO CORPUZ of the Philippine Army swore as the tiny *S. S. Mactan* tossed through the Pacific. His legs encased in a plaster cast as the result of shrapnel wounds, he half raised himself from his cot and shook a clenched fist toward the receding Philippines.

"I'll be back," he vowed. "I'll be back with thousands more Filipinos. And when we're through there won't be a live Jap in our islands."

Today, a year later, Sergeant Eustacio Corpuz of the Army of the United States is close to making good that pledge. With other Filipinos who escaped the Japs in those terrible days, he is helping train one of the most amazing outfits in Uncle Sam's army, the Filipino Infantry.

Selective Service classified Filipinos as aliens. Filipino communities all over the United States exploded with indignation; 50 of them telegraphed formal protest. They wanted to fight.

Accordingly, last summer a Filipino regiment was organized under the command of Col. Robert H. Offley, a West Pointer who grew up in the Philippines and speaks Tagalog. When he arrived in California, he found the First Filipino Infantry consisted of three officers and eight enlisted men. In half a year the command grew to 7000 men—two regiments—and eager volunteers still swarm into Fort Ord.

It is one of the most remarkable units in the Army. "Their enthusiasm and discipline are far superior to anything else I have seen in my Army career," says Colonel Offley. "The min-



1. A poster and a map furnish background for the job of cleaning the Garand rifle. 2. Sergeant Johnson finds his pupils eager to perfect their bayonet technique. 3. Marching along the shore in California, they remember that one day they'll be landing on a Philippine beach to engage the enemy

ute you put one of these boys in uniform he wants a rifle. The minute he gets a rifle he wants on a boat. He can't understand why we don't ship him out right away, so he can start shooting Japs."

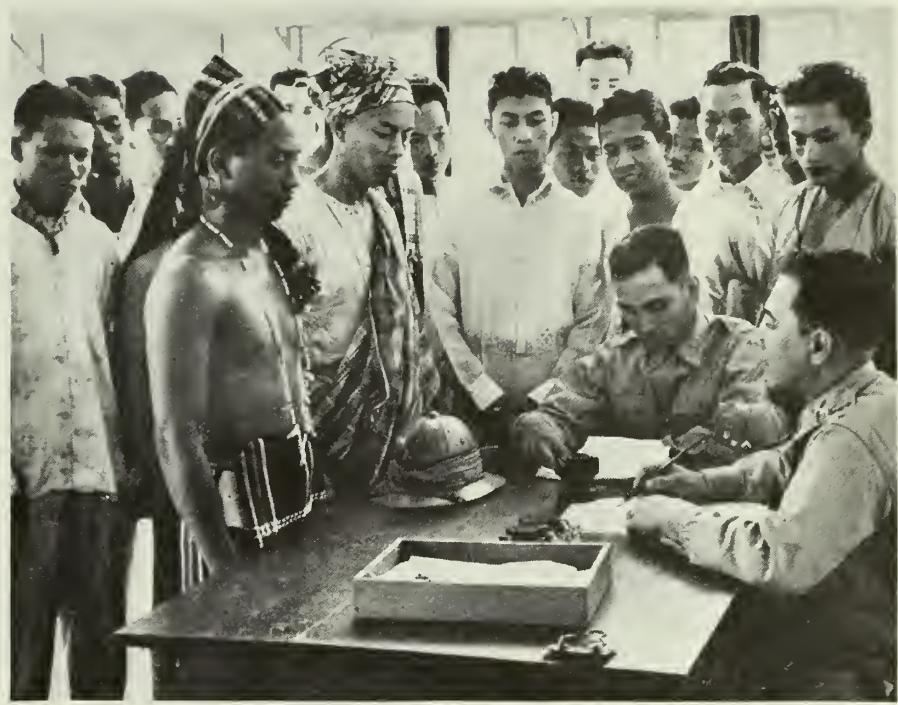
They have adequate incentive. "My daughter is in Manila," said one soldier when it was explained to him that, being over 38, he could apply for discharge. "She is young and pretty. I do not like to think about what is happening to her. And both my sons died fighting in the Philippine Army."

"My mother is starving in a concentration camp," says a lieutenant. Ninety percent of the personnel have close relatives living under the heel of the Japs. To these pint-size soldiers this war is a personal grudge-fight.

This leads to phenomena that make old Army men blink. For instance, it is common practice in most outfits to make Sunday duty a penalty for little mistakes. When the Filipinos discovered how they could get seven days' training instead of six, they all began to show up for inspection with a muddy shoe or a button unfastened. So Sunday drill as a form of punishment had to be abolished.

In most army units the soft jobs in the offices are "gravy." Filipinos who can do office work won't reveal the fact. "We assign a man to a typewriter," says a regimental adjutant, "and he brings his rifle with him. When he isn't typing he's taking the rifle apart or studying his Soldier's Handbook."

An officer passing a Filipino barracks after taps was puzzled by a steady rapping inside. He investigated. Two soldiers were practicing Morse code by knocking on the floor. "Better wait until tomorrow," he suggested. "You're prob-



Tribesmen of the Philippines, kinsmen of the men in the regiment, registering for training at Manila in the Philippine Commonwealth's forces back in 1940

ably keeping the whole platoon awake." The sergeant spoke up. "It's all right, sir. The rest of us listen. We practice like this an hour or two each night."

SOUDIERS in training are given a ten-minute rest period in every hour, usually devoted to smoking and casual conversation. The Pinoys turn it into a question period, bombarding their instructors with rapid-fire queries, giving commands to one another and correcting the other fellow's mistakes. They buy textbooks on all phases of military

training and hold informal seminars in their barracks.

Lift the lid of the average soldier's locker and you'll find his "pin-up girl"—a picture of Ginny Sims or Dorothy Lamour. There's no glamour in the average Filipino "pin-up;" often as not it's a rule he wants to burn into his mind, like "Always zig-zag through tall grass; a straight path is easily spotted by the enemy." The only picture he ever tucks up is one of General MacArthur.

There have been only two Filipinos
(Continued on page 30)

We'll Be Back

By PFC MANUEL BUAKEN

Company I, 1st Filipino Infantry, U.S.A.

THE insignia of the First Filipino Infantry, United States Army, is a pictorial summary of the oath of the modern Katipunan—a Filipino oath of vengeance, written in the heart's blood of every man of this legion of the Free Filipinos. This insignia is a brilliant yellow disk upon which is represented Mount Mayon emitting black smoke. This black eruption symbolizes the fury of the Filipinos, the gold represents the golden opportunity of restoring the country to its rightful owners. The three stars above the volcano are symbols taken from the Philippine flag, and represent Luzon, the Visayas, and Mindanao, principal islands of the Philippines.

(Continued on page 54)



Adriano Kimayong in ceremonial headhunter dress a good many years ago, and as a sergeant of the First Filipino Infantry, United States Army

Convoys of Courage

By **FRANK NEILL**

"Bombed last night, bombed the night before,"
they get the goods through to our fighting men

DIVING out of the sun, the enemy planes roared down over our ship, strafing the gun crews and dropping deadly eggs. Solid curtains of steel went up between the vessels in the convoy as our guns spit never-ending antiaircraft fire.

The leading enemy plane, screaming straight toward us, suddenly seemed to falter in mid-air. Its wings wagged crazily and then it plunged into the smooth sea.

Black bursts of antiaircraft shells hung like a dotted canopy over the convoy. Tracer bullets streaked through the hellish sky and in the crossfire they formed dizzy patterns. All about you guns stuttered and rattled above the frightening scream of bombs and the rumbling-roar of plane motors.

Far to the starboard, gunfire from a freighter ripped into another plane. The enemy bird exploded and then it tore

seaward, trailing a thick black smoke-plume. . . .

That's the way it was. Your baptism of fire left you weak and sweat-dripped. Your mouth seemed filled with cotton. You felt wobbly, and there was nothing you could do about it.

Off to the portside a rusty tanker listed heavily. Your own ship got through the concentrated hell okay. But a couple of gun crew members had been killed and others were wounded. You had been safe, somehow, standing up on the bridge. . . .

Since the war began you have ridden two convoys, and once you made a 2,000-mile trip aboard an unescorted cruiser through enemy waters.

So you know the tenseness of black-out nights at sea. You remember well your first sight of enemy planes and the sound of gunfire and bombs. And sometimes at night back here you awake from vivid dreams that duplicated the

feeling you got the first time a torpedo slithered through blue swells toward your ship.

You were strictly a landlubber, but the combined total of endless days and nights you spent in a Mae West life-jacket seems funny now. It all was a very great and privileged experience—mainly because you came through without personal trouble. And it makes you a "veteran" for your next assignment with the fleet, which you hope is soon.

Since this Second World War began you have seen and talked to scores of survivors of ship-sinkings. Many of those seamen are good pals of yours.

Some of them had their ships blasted while making the perilous run to Murmansk. Others felt the sting of enemy shells en route to Honolulu, and points southwest, including the Solomons. You even know a couple of guys who had





From the lifeboat he saw the Nazis mow down the occupants of another boat

three different ships go down under them in the Atlantic and the Caribbean.

Every man who goes to war comes out of it with a different story. But some of the most amazing tales you've run across since Pearl Harbor came from merchant seamen. Put together the stories of a half dozen men of the type of Joe M. Salamon, 27, of Chicago, and you get a fairly accurate and complete account of convoys in World War II.

How is this for a ship-sinking story?

"We got it one night in the Gulf of Mexico, during our final mess of a long voyage," Salamon said. "We were less than 100 miles from our destination, so the trip was practically over.

"Our ears suddenly were shattered by

a grinding roar. The entire side of the ship seemed to cave in. The walls of the messroom were crumbling like a cardboard box as we dashed toward the topside.

"A man on deck had been standing beside a big plate-glass window when the tin fish struck. Concussion splintered the glass. It ripped every stitch of clothing off that fellow, and it took most of his skin along with it.

"There were a flock of refugees aboard, in addition to survivors from 38 other ships. Many of them had been wounded previously. It was tough trying to put

Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE

them into lifeboats. The deck around them was covered with blood which had dripped from their loose bandages and newly-opened wounds.

"Most of the passengers acted like they were going nuts. All of them tried to pile into lifeboats at the same time. One boat, originally assigned to 35 persons, was damn near swamped when 78 of those refugees crowded into it.

"It was so packed that I kicked off my shoes and dived overboard to give them more room. We were out of danger when our ship took her death plunge. There was a violent concussion as the boilers exploded.

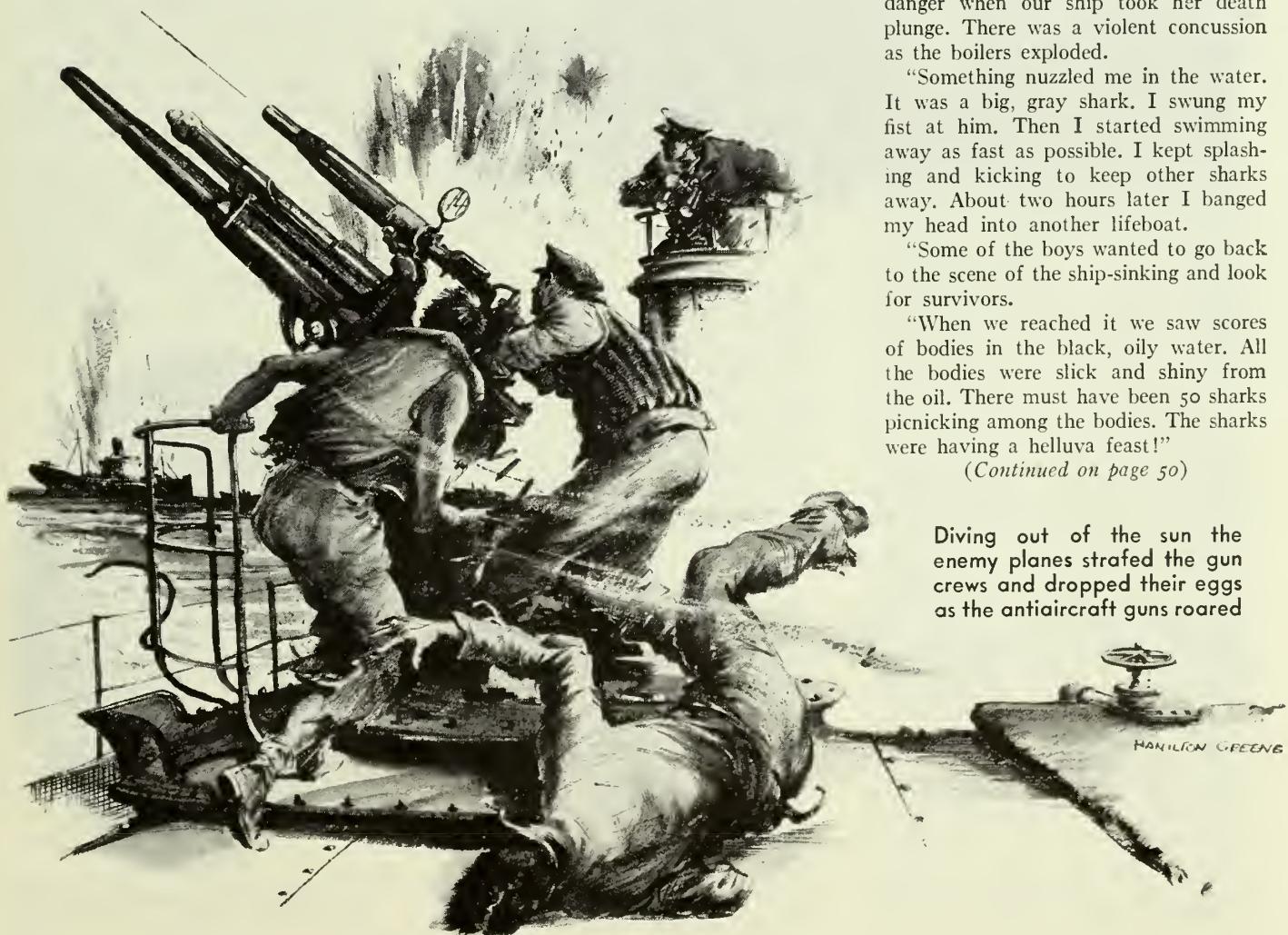
"Something nuzzled me in the water. It was a big, gray shark. I swung my fist at him. Then I started swimming away as fast as possible. I kept splashing and kicking to keep other sharks away. About two hours later I banged my head into another lifeboat.

"Some of the boys wanted to go back to the scene of the ship-sinking and look for survivors.

"When we reached it we saw scores of bodies in the black, oily water. All the bodies were slick and shiny from the oil. There must have been 50 sharks picnicking among the bodies. The sharks were having a helluva feast!"

(Continued on page 50)

Diving out of the sun the enemy planes strafed the gun crews and dropped their eggs as the antiaircraft guns roared





Mrs. Alfred J. Mathebat, National President, American Legion Auxiliary

IT WAS a transformed America—an America again engaged in war, that challenged the delegates to the American Legion Auxiliary's National Convention in Kansas City last September. During the twelve months since the previous convention, the tragedy of Pearl Harbor had struck and America had thrown its military might fully with the United Nations in the fight to maintain a free world.

The 535,000 women of the Auxiliary were prepared to meet that challenge. Almost a quarter-century of unselfish, devoted and successful service to lighten the burdens of our veterans, their dependents and survivors, of the First World War had well fitted them to assume the additional great task. Immediately following Pearl Harbor, the Auxiliary had rapidly expanded its program of National Defense to include the vast requirements of our nation's Civilian Defense program, it had extended its rehabilitation and hospitalization work to provide prompt aid to the casualties that were already being brought home from

Wake and Midway, from Bataan and Corregidor. The innumerable other tasks that the war effort demanded were added to an already comprehensive program.

The older stateswomen of the Auxiliary who had given their husbands and sons and fathers and brothers to the armed services in World War I were augmented by the junior members who, in turn, were now making similar sacrifices of their husbands and brothers.

An all-out program of war aid adopted, the convention delegates were confronted with the equally important problem of selecting from among their membership the woman best qualified to direct and guide them in fulfilling the pledges made. The position of National President demanded a woman of outstanding executive ability, of breadth of understanding and vision, a coordinator of the work of the nine thousand Auxiliary Units, a leader who could inspire this organization of over a half-million women and girls to carry through in our national emergency.

The West Coast Presents

By JOHN J. NOLL

That woman was found in Mrs. Alfred J. Mathebat. Appropriately she hailed from California—from the West Coast, that most vulnerable section of our country whose citizens have been fully cognizant of the seriousness of our war problems and of the ever-present threat to our shores. Born and reared in the great open spaces of the West, Ruth Mathebat is in no sense a tenderfoot, literally, or when considered from the viewpoint of undertaking and carrying to success whatever tasks may be given to her.

A strange admixture is compounded in Ruth Mathebat's heritage—from her maternal side, the calm, cool deliberation of the British, from her paternal forebears, the fiery, ebullient self-assertion of the Latin races. In Ruth



Little Ruth Vargas and her brother, John, look pretty for the birdie

Mathebat, however, these contradictory traits offset each other—impulsive-ness is curbed by considered, straight thinking.

LET us trace the widely divergent paths converging at the Army outpost of Fort McDermott in northern Nevada, that led to the establishment of Ruth's family. John Vargas was descended from a long line of Californians—his mother's family, the Castros, were among the Spaniards who, moving northward from Mexico, had helped to settle "Upper" California, which was ceded to our country at the conclusion of the War with Mexico. John Vargas was interested in mining, and learning of the rich deposits of gold and silver that had been discovered in Nevada, as a young man went into that neighboring State and based his operations at Fort McDermott.

Some years before, Harriet and Alfred Wilkinson had left their native England and had emigrated to America. Shortly after their arrival, while living in Ithaca, New York, a daughter, who was named Margaret, was born to them. Wilkinson, being interested in cattle, early crossed the continent and located at Fort McDermott, where for a brief time he engaged in sheep raising. Appreciating the unlimited grazing land available, he soon transferred his business to the raising of cattle. Members of his family are still cattlemen.

Here at Fort McDermott, the young mining engineer, John Vargas, and Margaret Wilkinson met and were married. Within a short time afterward, the young couple returned to John Vargas's native State of California, where two sons, Chester, now engaged in business in New York City, and Virgil, who in 1917 was to don an O. D. uniform, were born.

Mining, however, was still John Vargas's dominant interest and he took his family back to Nevada, establishing a home in the small trading-post town of Winnemucca. A third son, John, came to them, and then a daughter who was given the name of Ruth Harriet. Later, another son, George, completed the family.

Ruth Vargas Mathebat admits that growing up with four brothers necessarily had a great influence upon her life. She not alone participated in their escapades, but often she led them. She was as much at home in the saddle as most girls her age would be in a dancing class, she spent her summer vacations on the range, helped with the chores, and learned the art of wrangling cattle. Those many days out in the open gave her ample time for study and contemplation, which proved good training for her present ability to think out difficult problems calmly.

She mastered the arts of riding a bicycle, of ice skating and roller skating, and of swimming, the hard way—

with one or another of those four brothers ever ready to lend a willing, but none-too-helpful hand. In fact, she frankly admits that she became a tomboy—in self-defense!

But at school, it was another matter. She attended the grade school in the town of Winnemucca and was a good student. After entering her high school courses, she began the development of the art of public speaking and was soon the only girl member of the high-school debating team, more than holding her own with the two boy members of the team. That accounts for Ruth Mathebat's proficiency in addressing and holding the attention of the many large audiences before which she has so often appeared.

While she was in high school, America entered the First World War. And thereby hangs a tale. As a debater, Ruth was tops, but as a forecaster she proved a failure. She found herself on the negative side of a debate on the question of whether the United States would enter the World War. With the aid of the two boy fellow-members of her team, she won that debate. The subject was again debated in the finals for the State high-school championship in Reno and again her team held forth on the negative side of the same controversial question—and again her team won and carried off State honors. Then the anti-climax: On the trip home to Winnemucca the news came that the United States had declared war!

Ruth's memories of the World War are vivid. Her brother Virgil enlisted and was sent to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, for assignment. He had the distinction of being advanced from the enlisted ranks to a commission as 2d lieutenant without benefit of a course in an Officers' Training Camp.

Winnemucca, small as it was in population, and isolated as it is geographically, lacked nothing in patriotic fervor during the war. Located on one of the great transcontinental railroad lines, hundreds of troop trains carrying soldiers from the West Coast to ports of embarkation for the A. E. F. passed over those rails. And Winnemucca was so situated that it was a logical rest stop for most of those trains—where the men in O. D. might stretch their legs, take



Past Commander Alfred J. Mathebat, Alameda Post, veteran of the 13th Field Artillery, Fourth Division

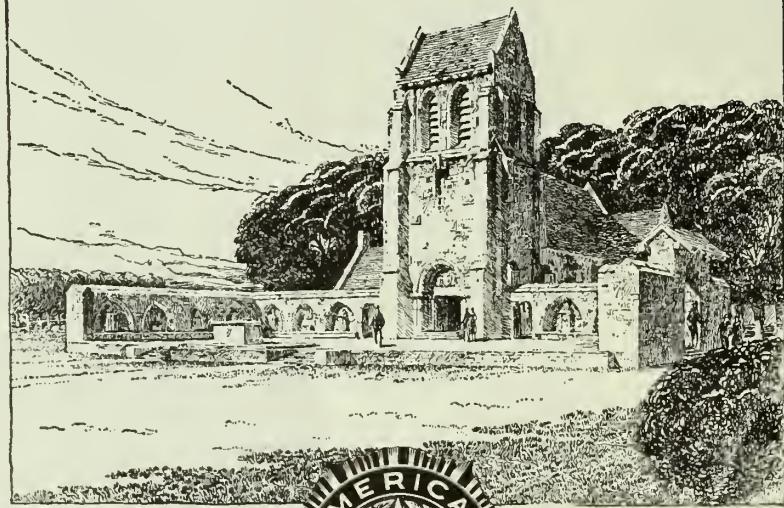
their setting-up exercises, and enjoy an hour or so of relaxation and recreation. The townspeople, necessarily including the high school students and particularly the girls, were prepared to take good care of their transient guests.

Military secrecy, of course, permitted
(Continued on page 40)



A brother, Virgil Vargas, at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, before he won his lieutenant's bars in 1918

An Altar Builded High



The Cathedral of the Air, a national shrine dedicated to the heroes of the air service, built by the New Jersey Legion at the Lakehurst Navy Air Training Station



A HOUSE of prayer for all people within whose walls all men may meet to offer their common devotion to the heroes of the past, to renew their hopes for the future, to pledge their unswerving consecration to the principles for which our country stands, and to worship, each in his own way, the Almighty Maker of the Universe. That is the Cathedral of the Air at Lakehurst, New Jersey, a memorial of simple grandeur conceived, erected and dedicated by The American Legion of the Department of New Jersey, "for God and Country," in fulfillment of the first clause of the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution.

It is not alone a memorial to the men who fell out of the skies in combat during the First World War, but memorializes all who have had to do with the development of aviation in peace as well as in war. Located at Lakehurst, center of the United States Navy's aviation activities on the middle Atlantic seaboard and the home station of the great dirigibles, the chapel serves locally to care for the spiritual needs of the officers and men attached to that station. But in its general pur-

pose the Cathedral of the Air is a national shrine. Thousands visit the memorial each year, drawn thither by a spirit of reverence and devotion.

It was during the summer of 1928 that Gill Robb Wilson of Trenton, New Jersey, then serving as National Chaplain of The American Legion, conceived the thought that the great organization of veterans of the World War should

erect a national cathedral dedicated to the men of the air service who fought and fell. He talked the idea over with Herbert H. Blizzard, then New Jersey's Department Commander, and with Chaplain William W. Edel, U. S. Navy, then stationed at Lakehurst. The plan was accepted with enthusiasm, Department Commander Blizzard and Chaplain Edel joined forces—one to sell the idea to the members of his Department and the Legion at large and the other to work out a definite program and plan of action. Though Chaplain Wilson did not step out of the picture, he modestly gives all the credit to Herbert Blizzard and Chaplain Edel for the complete realization of his dream cathedral.

The Department of New Jersey—Legion and Auxiliary combined—took the responsibility of raising the necessary funds—no light job, even in the booming days of the late 1920's—and after the Lakehurst Naval Air Station, where lighter-than-air training and operations were carried on, was decided upon as the most desirable site, representatives of the Department petitioned the Congress for permission



Breaking ground for the Cathedral on June 26, 1929. Left to right, in the front, are Chaplain William W. Edel, U. S. N.; National Chaplain Gill Robb Wilson, Department Commander Herbert H. Blizzard (with shovel); Dr. Samuel A. Loveman, President of the Chapel Association, and Department Adjutant Roland F. Cowan

to erect there a cathedral memorial of approved design. It was not until the session was about to come to a close that the enabling act passed its last hurdle in the Congress and was signed by President Calvin Coolidge, on March 2, 1929, as one of his last official acts before retiring from the Presidency of the United States. Acting under that authority, the Department of New Jersey created The American Legion Memorial Chapel Association, with Dr. Samuel A. Loveman as President, and with a membership composed of a number of Legionnaires and

members of the American Legion Auxiliary. The burden of raising the funds and erecting the memorial chapel was placed on this group. The plan so appealed to Morgan F. Larson, then Governor of the State, that he named a committee of citizens, with himself as Chairman and Edward D. Duffield as Vice Chairman, to assist the Legion group.

As contributions began to come in almost immediately—Posts and Legionnaires, from all save three Departments contributing, with the major sums coming from the Legion in New Jersey—no time was lost after authority to proceed with the structure had been granted. Ground for the cathedral was broken on Sunday, June 26, 1929, and the cornerstone was laid with appropriate ceremonies on the following November 6th. It was not, however, until February, 1933, that the building was completed and formally dedicated. It was then presented to the Navy Department to be cared for in perpetuity by the Government of the United States, open for use at all times by the general public as a non-sectarian house of prayer for all people, and as an enduring memorial to the self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion of the men who conquered the air lanes in the development of aviation and in battle in defense of our country.

One section of the chapel—the tower—is dedicated to the memory of those killed in actual air combat with the enemy. Another section, the nave, is dedicated to such notable heroes of aviation as Orville and Wilbur Wright,



Beverly Hills Post of Chicago trains a class in swimming as a part of its training program. Watching the swimmers are (center, left to right) Willard A. Connors, Ralph G. Hafner, Post Commander, Ralph W. Gruenwald, Ray A. Hafner and Willard Barry, swimming instructor

Floyd Bennett, and Commander Zachary Lansdowne. Another section is in memory of the men who were lost on the *Shenandoah* and in other lighter-than-air catastrophes. Other portions of the building are reserved for memorials to men and women who lost their lives in other branches of the military service in the First World War. This structure, it is said, was the first great memorial to the heroes of the air and in many respects it is one of the most significant war memorials now standing at any place in the United States.

The design is a modified Gothic, con-

forming in general appearance with the great cathedrals of that section of France through which the American troops fought in the First World War. Veterans of overseas service who visit this national shrine frequently call attention to the similarity in design, and to almost every one the sight of the cathedral itself brings up a flood of memories. Many remark that it was by just such a big church that such and such action took place; that the outfit marched by this church and took refuge behind its protecting walls during an advance. Others recall that

it was in the nave of just such a church that they received first treatment in an emergency hospital. And some are reminded of the ruined churches over which they flew in their daily air patrols.

The structure itself is one of unusual beauty, blending harmoniously into its surroundings and even now, after only ten years of service, is beginning to take on the appearance of weathered age. It was designed and the construction supervised by Paul Philippe Cret of Philadelphia, one of America's most distinguished architects, for forty years Professor of Design at the University



Finance Officer Jones Cox (right) of Alexandria (Va.) Post, writing a check for \$800 to Boys Club. Watching, left to right, are Dave C. Book of the Boys Club, and Past Commanders Sidney Weil and Albert May



Beals Unit 32, American Legion Auxiliary of Plymouth, Michigan, presented its community with a resuscitator for use whenever needed



Dennis-Anderson Post of Gainesville, Texas, put a big sign on the courthouse square—then watched the scrap pile grow. Result, sale of scrap gave \$1,121.99 for Army and Navy relief

of Pennsylvania, designer of many of the best known buildings and memorials in this country, including the battle-field memorials at Château-Thierry, Bony, Waereghem and Gibraltar for the American Battle Monuments Commission. Mr. Cret is also a veteran of the World War, serving from 1914 to 1919 with the French armies and with the 1st American Division, A.E.F.

The building of the church was financed by contributions from Legion

Posts and Auxiliary Units, and with some outside help, in sums ranging from \$2,000 from Ocean County, New Jersey, to two cents given by a school child. A considerable sum was raised by sponsoring an All Eastern States Air Race meet at Mercer Airport on October 18 and 19, 1930, and other funds came from other such events. No

not only as a perpetual memorial to the valiant deeds of heroes, but as an eternal shrine and house of worship for all people. Generations yet unborn will offer their devotions within these walls and here will receive inspiration for a more profound patriotism, and will have kindled in their hearts aspirations for a more devoted service."

Training Our Defenders

THOUSANDS of Legion Posts were setting out on an active Navy recruiting program and were delivering the goods—good, clean, wholesome American boys for Naval service—when the voluntary enlistment plan was summarily stopped. All those Posts rendered good work and are to be highly commended, but the finish of the recruiting campaign does not spell the end of the same kind of help in training the young men for service. The men will be called as their numbers come up. Many will be glad to enroll in classes for preliminary training in specialized subjects.

The work of Beverly Hills Post of Chicago, Illinois, can be cited as a bit of specialized service, aside from the established program of pre-induction

statement of the total cost of the structure has been submitted, but \$124,705.05 was expended on the memorials installed and the interior finish of the building.

The charter of incorporation granted to The American Legion Memorial Association requires that the chapel shall be non-sectarian, and that provision has been most scrupulously adhered to. The chapel is at all times available for worship by men of every creed and faith, and the interior appointments are so arranged as to be adaptable for the services of any religious group.

Department Historian Edgar N. Danielson says: "The Memorial Chapel Association planned this beautiful chapel to serve

training and High School Victory Corps. That Post, according to Ray A. Hafner, started out with the idea of recruiting a naval air squadron in the "Fly for the Navy" campaign. Invitations were sent out to boys 18 through 26 years old who had qualifications to become Navy Air Cadets. Ninety youngsters responded and most of them passed the examination with unusually high marks. But that was just a starter.

Some of the lads had been out of high school for a few years and were rusty in mathematics and physics, so a series of review classes was organized. The Post offered the facilities of the classes to others and within a short while had 300 enrolled, with an average attendance of 132 each evening. Then special attention was given to classes in international code and swimming, under the direction of Director Willard Barry and James N. Armstrong, a Past Commander of Peoria Post, now enrolled with the Beverly Hills outfit.

"These youngsters," says Chairman Hafner, "are constantly praising the Legion for the opportunities we have afforded them. This alone has amply repaid us for the long hours spent in this work."

Community Service

IN A fine gesture of service and good will for its community, Alexandria (Virginia) Post at a recent meeting made a distribution of \$1,700 as gifts to various service and community welfare groups, including a check for \$800 made to the Boys Club. "This money," says Publicity Chairman Ross E. Amos, "was raised at a festival—\$2,700—and every cent of it was expended for civic purposes. Not a dollar of this money went into the Post's treasury."

Other organizations shared in the distribution as follows: Legion School Fund, \$200, and the Girls Club, Red Cross, Anna Lee Memorial for Old Ladies, U. S. O., Community Chest and Hopkins House, \$100 each. Another \$100 was set aside as the nucleus of a fund for the purchase of an iron lung for community use.

In Canada

EVERY Legion Post in the Department of Canada, including three Defense Posts in Newfoundland, joined in pooling a fund for the purchase of an army ambulance for presentation to the Canadian army. The presentation was made at Ottawa



when Department Commander E. G. Fortune made formal transfer to Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Parker, R.C.A.S.C., acting for the Army.

The American Legion in Canada, says National Executive Committeeman Clary Simpson, has given every possible aid in support of the Canadian war effort. Just recently all spare Department funds were invested in Canadian War Bonds. The individual members are making their own contributions by purchase of War Bonds, helping in scrap drives, in civilian defense activities, and in other war work.

Synthetic Shells

FORT CUMBERLAND POST of Cumberland, Maryland, has one of the finest club homes in its area. The entrance to the club has for many years been flanked by two large projectiles of World War vintage. The projectiles are still there, but they're synthetic—of marble, with inscription, made to take the place of the old timers contributed to the scrap pile some time ago.

The Post, with 569 members, has worked its way up to second in the Department of Maryland. Commander G. Ray Lippold is looking for No. 1 place and is confident of setting a record this year.

Letter to Members

WHEN Frederick C. Heney was installed as Commander of Torrington (Connecticut) Post last October he had some ideas about attendance at meetings and constant contact with Post members. So, instead of issuing a monthly bulletin, a monthly letter is sent to each one of the 225 members—letters that read like letters, telling about the Post and its activities—and this, in the opinion of District Adjutant Florence G. Rodgers (Yeoman (f), U.S.N.R.F. in the old World War) is bound to get results by raising the interest of the average Post member.

Here's a paragraph from a letter sent out by Post Adjutant Homer A. Woodard: "From the labors of some 30 members in the scrap drive we received a net profit of \$647, which was turned over to the Observation Post. Comrades Walter Krause, Al Smith and Sten Berquist used their trucks continuously for two weeks and Comrades Os-



The Legion in Canada gave an ambulance for use by the Canadian Army. Left to right are Commander John Finucane, Montreal Post; C. J. Duquette, Department Commander E. G. Fortune; J. Pierpont Moffat, U. S. Minister to Canada; Louis LaPlante, and Lieut. Col. G. M. Parker, Canadian Army

trotsky and Blake furnished trucks. We cost 'Zeke' a repair job on one of his trucks, but he wouldn't allow us to pay for it, and he worked like a horse on our Sunday drive to bring in a lot of scrap. There were many others who helped us, but I can't go into it without missing someone."



Fort Cumberland Post at Cumberland, Maryland, gave steel war relics at club entrance, replacing them with marble substitutes

Just a chatty sort of person-to-person letter. It's a good idea, and worth trying by any set of Post officers who feel that the interest of their membership is lagging.

Ambulance Donors

THREE new members of the ambulance donors club are reported this month, though the first one does not quite rate as an ambulance. It's a mobile canteen which in an emergency

could be used for ambulance purposes—but as a canteen it will serve a most useful purpose.

"Members of Hamilton Township Post of Hamilton Square, New Jersey, remember gratefully the unselfish services rendered by the Salvation Army in 1917 and 1918," writes Knute C. Bencke, Publicity Chairman. "When the outfit's need of a mobile canteen unit became known the Post members set out to supply the want. After a month of campaigning the Post was able to present to Major McMahon of the Salvation Army not only the motorized canteen but with it a check for \$1,000 for its upkeep.

"Our Post has reached the 200 mark in membership," continues Publicist Bencke. "Under Post Commander Patrick Bush we have purchased \$10,000 (maturity value) worth of War Bonds, and nine of our members are in the uniformed services."

New Bedford (Massachusetts) Post 1 has put a new ambulance in service for the transportation of war veterans outside of the city and for use in any case of emergency, writes Post Commander Cornelius Connors. The funds for purchase were raised as a joint project by the Legion Post and Auxiliary Unit under the direction of Chairman Daniel J. Goldrick.

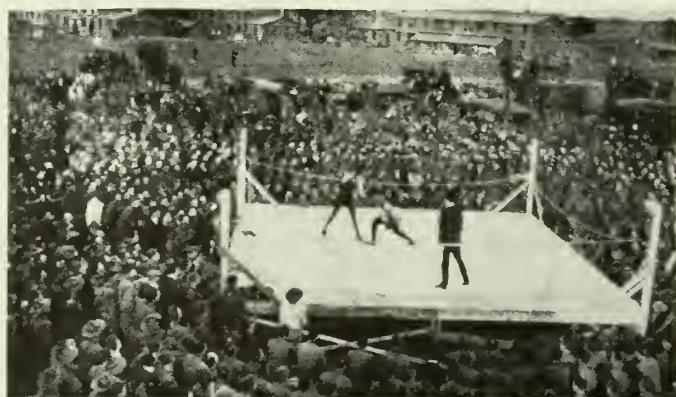
The third new member of the club is not a Post—it is a whole flock of them. County Commander John B. Connolly of the Orange County (New York) American (Continued on page 56)



1917-18



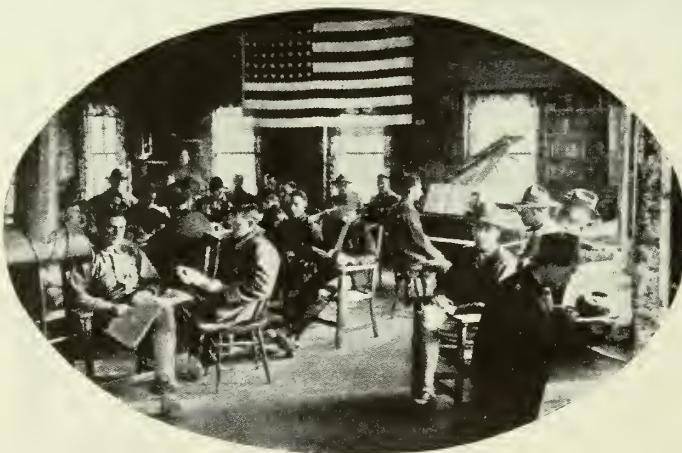
The soldiers-to-be who reported at Camp Dix in 1917 appeared more staid than the . . .



Morale-building has always been important in the Army. A boxing bout in 1918 as compared with . . .



Fire protection of Army camps? Take a look at the ultra-modern equipment of 1917-1918 at Dix and then . . .



A Y hut in Dix twenty-five years ago was home to these boys in O. D., but see . . .

Dix ? It's

MAYBE we're sticking out our chin—statistics aren't immediately available—but we feel safe in stating that Camp Dix, New Jersey, became known to more soldiers of our earlier World War than did any other camp or cantonment in our country. When you consider that four Divisions received all or part of their training at Camp Dix and that at least eight Divisions cleared through Dix after the war, before demobilization, you find a total of almost 360,000 troops who used the facilities at Dix in west-central New Jersey.

The "then" and "now" pictures of Dix which border these pages should be of interest to a larger group of Legionnaires than any other contributions we have been privileged to display on our bulletin board.

First let us relieve our minds of that change of designation from "Camp" to "Fort" Dix. You'll remember, besides Dix, there were Camps Devens and Lewis and McClellan and a number of others that weren't abandoned entirely after our earlier Army had finished with them. Those that survived and were reactivated as "permanent Army stations" now bear the designation of Fort. Other new training centers to be used for the duration, still crop up as Camps.

For this opportunity for all of us to indulge in these particular reminiscences we are grateful to Legionnaire Mrs. H. Allman Smith, who as Louise Walter served as an Army nurse with Base Hospital No. 22 at Beau Desert, France. The pictures at the left were selected by us from copies of an army-post pictorial review which Louise Walter Smith sent some months ago from her home at 866 North 5th Street, San Jose, California, with this letter:

"Selling our old home in St. Louis brought to light four copies of the *Camp Dix Pictorial Review* covering a period from November, 1917, to April, 1918. Entirely forgotten, they had been packed away in the attic. Now that Dix has been revived as a large reception and training center, I am sure many Legionnaires will find the pictures as interesting as I have. When my group of ten nurses, members of U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 22, from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, arrived there early in February, 1918, Dix was a field of mud, with barracks springing up everywhere almost overnight. I am sending the four copies of the *Pictorial Review* to you under separate cover, so you may choose some of the pictures for the Then and Now Department, if you wish.

"Our group of ten arrived at Camp Dix just as influenza was starting in the home camps—though not to the extent of the epidemic later in 1918—and we were kept busy from early until late, having little time for anything but duty. One thing I shall always remember and that is the mud in which the boys had to work while getting the camp in readiness.

"In April, we joined the remainder of our unit of 100 nurses at Lakewood, New Jersey, for mobilization. From there we went on to New York where we met our doctors and medical corpsmen, sailing for France on June 4th in the Transport *Baltic*, a former White Star liner. [We happened to sail in the same convoy in H. M. S. *Pyrrhus*.—*The Company Clerk*.]

"Landing at Liverpool, we entrained for Southampton and crossed the Channel in an ambulance transport ship for Le Havre. There we boarded a special train for Beau Desert, where Red Cross ambulances took us to Base Hospital No. 6, a Boston unit, at Falence. We remained there until quarters at Beau Desert were ready for us, and eventually we took over the buildings prepared for Base No. 22. Early in August our hospital received its first convoy trains, direct from the fighting north of Château-Thierry. From our original 1,000 beds, the unit expanded

THE

a Fort Now

1941 ?

to the number of 5,100. High tribute was paid to Base No. 22, it being rated as the third largest and best in the A. E. F.

"In January, 1919, Base No. 22 turned over its duties and functions to Evacuation Hospital No. 20, which relieved the officers and men, but the nurses remained. After this transfer, we were able to go on leaves. During the summer we were relieved from duty and sailed for the U. S. A. in June, 1919."

WE SEEM to have traveled far afield with Legionnaire Louise Walter Smith and her hospital unit, so let us return and take a look at the Fort Dix of the present war, which we are enabled to do through the splendid co-operation of Major George B. Paul, Public Relations Officer of Fort Dix, and Captain Carl A. Twitchell, his Assistant. We wrote to the Public Relations Officer of that Post, telling him about the pictures we had selected from the vast collection in the issues of the *Camp Dix Pictorial Review* which Mrs. Smith had sent to us and suggested that possibly he could supply us with some comparative pictures. That he and his Assistant did more than their share in making this memory-arousal of Dix possible is shown by the fine photographs which they permitted us to reproduce at the right border of this account.

These "then" and "now" pictures scarcely need comment—but starting at the top left, we glimpse a bunch of inductees who had just arrived in camp during the fall of 1917—later to become members of the 78th (Lightning) Division, composed principally of men from New Jersey, New York and Delaware, with a few additional men from Pennsylvania. We'd like to bet that the two soldiers who stole the spotlight were "oldtimers" of at least ten days' or two weeks' standing. And get the guy in the hard hat next to the soldiers! Wonder if any of our Legion buddies will recognize themselves and tell us about their reception at Camp Dix.

It may be the clothes that make the difference—but compare those rookies of our war with the carefree-looking youth of the present day, checking into that same Army Post for processing, classifying, outfitting, etc., before being sent to Replacement Centers for their basic training. The group shown consists only of a few hundred of the thousands and thousands of inductees who have been and who are clearing through Fort Dix.

Keeping up the new soldiers' morale, through programs of sports, entertainments, dances, movies and other activities, was a problem in 1917 also, but not stressed as much as in the present Army. So, at the left, we see a couple of soldiers mixing it in the squared circle with a goodly audience of soldiers in their now quaint uniforms and Stetson-style service hats. Directly opposite are some of our modern youth, informally clad, indulging in a game of volley ball. Those slacks instead of the old britches give an impression that they are just a gang of civilians indulging in exercise in some neighboring playground.

Next under, left, we find what a caption written in November, 1917, assures us is "one of the three latest type motor engines" used for fire protection at Camp Dix. Army fire departments in those early days were composed largely of civilians, as the picture shows, although later men in O. D. assumed full charge of fire-fighting. How does that fire house and equipment compare with the stream-lined outfit of 1942 that we show on the right?

And last, but by no means least, our then-and-now gallery of pictures concludes with, at left, a group of First World War soldiers enjoying the home-like comforts of a Y. M. C. A. hut—one of the numerous huts provided and conducted by the Y, the K. of C., the Jewish Welfare Board and the



Care-free youth who are assembling at Fort Dix to make up our present Army



An informal volley-ball game indulged in by slacks-uniformed 1942 rookies at Fort Dix



The modern stream-lined fire-fighting apparatus and the crews as we find them today in the same camp



A present-day Service Club, where bucks enjoy former "Officers-Only" privileges

NOW



American Library Association and scattered throughout the area of our earlier camps and cantonments. These huts compare in a way with the "Day Rooms" which are now provided for almost every regiment or comparable unit in the present Army.

Across the way, on page 27, take a gander at the super-super de luxe Service Club now provided for our enlisted men. Ultra-streamlined, modern metal furniture, a double-decker open fireplace, a dance floor, a library, a cafeteria, a beer-bar, a piano, indoor games—almost anything desired is available. Even officers knew nothing like this in 1917-1918.

If more than a tone of envy has crept into this account, not only our old-timers of World War I, but the soldiers who are preparing to fight our victorious battles of today and who before too long will be fellow-members of ours in The American Legion, will understand the ramblings of a has-been "Company Clerk."

IN THE limited space allotted by the Editor to Then and Now, we will try briefly to continue our report of the then-Camp Dix, the now-Fort Dix.

Camp Dix entered formally into our war-training program for World War I on June 1, 1917, as one of the sixteen great training cantonments established for the Army. Former "residents" of

the Camp might like to know that it was named for one Major General John Adams Dix, U. S. Volunteers, born in New Hampshire, U. S. Senator from New York State, 1845-49, Secretary of the Treasury under President Buchanan, Minister to France, 1866-69, and Governor of the State of New York, 1873-1875.

The original area of Camp Dix consisted of 7474.37 acres on which were 1656 buildings. The present Fort Dix spreads out over an additional 17,000 acres, acquired for infantry maneuvers, and some 70,000 acres were secured for trespass rights. Then add another 2500 acres on which the Tilton General Hospital has been constructed.

As stated, the 78th (Lightning) Division received its full training at Dix before its service in the A. E. F. It consisted of men from New Jersey, Delaware, parts of New York and Pennsylvania. Then came along the 87th (Acorn) Division—drafted men from Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, who had received preliminary training at Camp Pike, Arkansas. After the 87th Division left for overseas, the 34th Division—National Guard troops from Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota—originally in training at Camp Cody, New Mexico, took over, before embarkation for the

A. E. F. During the last few weeks before the Armistice, the 102d Division of inductees was mobilized at

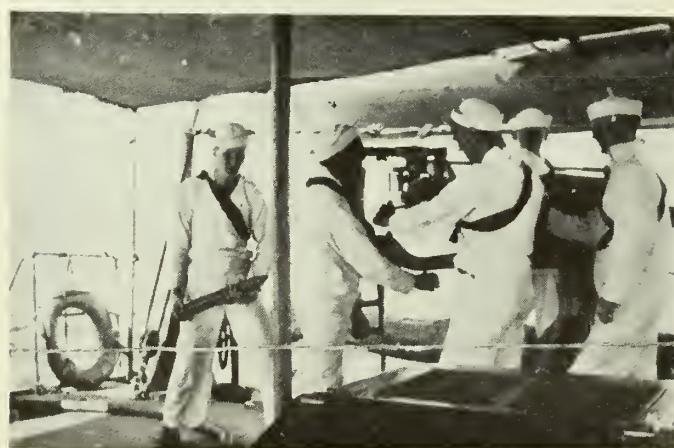
Camp Dix, but following November 11, 1918, this Division was the first to be discharged.

The 34th Division, unfortunately was occupant of Dix when the nation-wide influenza epidemic struck and during the month's quarantine, 900 soldiers died of the disease and 12,000 cases of influenza and pneumonia were treated.

Camp Dix's tour of duty did not end with the Armistice. Home-coming troops by the tens of thousands came to know that Post, after being disembarked from transports. Veterans of the 8th, 26th, 29th, 41st, 42d, 78th, 79th and 87th Divisions will no doubt recall with not-too-fond memory the delouser building, complete with steamroom, showers and other facilities for delousing both men and clothing. At Dix these Divisions were either demobilized, or stopped over for distribution to Army Posts nearer their homes for final discharge.

Demobilization over, the 1st Division was stationed at Dix until the Division was broken up in 1922 and units distributed throughout the country. There followed a long span of lean years for Camp Dix, when at times the permanent detachment to supervise the decaying buildings consisted of a small guard and a few Quartermaster troops. During the summers, however, the Post was used by Regulars, National Guardsmen and O. R. C. and C. M. T. C. units for training. Then came the depression, and in 1933 Dix was used as

(Continued on page 58)



Coast Guardsmen on the U. S. S. Onondaga indulge in target practice off the New England Coast in 1918



The Girls in Blue, American Army Nurses, stage the first parade of women of mercy in Paris in 1918



"Mommy...who *was* Hitler?"



Today too many children know who Hitler *is* . . .

Wherever his ruthless men have marched, childhood has become a nightmare of terror, want, misery and death. For the sake of our own children we must destroy the source of this brutality.

For that, our men are storming the beachheads of the world . . . our industries are turning their vast peacetime energies into a great stream of war supplies.

For that, we of The Texas Company have turned our peacetime resources into an ever increasing flood of the 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . Toluene for high explosives . . . high quality lubricating oils for the Navy, Army and Air Corps . . . and many other war products needed for the fight.

For that, we as individuals must conserve our cars . . . our gasoline . . . our tires . . . buy war bonds and stamps . . . and help in every way we can.

There must come a day when children will ask . . . "Mommy, who *was* Hitler?"

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF & SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE & TEXACO MOTOR OILS



"SEE YOU IN MANILA"

(Continued from page 17)

in the guardhouse since the outfit was formed—and they were in for speeding while off the post. The job of Prison Officer has been abolished.

Still, there are problems. Many of these small men can hardly reach the trigger of a Springfield, and this affects their marksmanship. Now most units have Garands, with a shorter stock. Some officers, however, recommend that all Filipinos be armed with the new carbine—accurate as a rifle up to 300 yards and much easier for the Pinoys to handle. "That's range enough for the jungle fighting these boys are fitted for."

The troops themselves have expressed just one grievance; they don't think they have enough bolo knives. The two-foot bolo, or machete, which the army issues sparingly. Curved slightly and razor sharp, it is used mostly for cutting through underbrush. But as a weapon the Pinoy would gladly trade his bayonet for it.

Greatest stumbling block was language. Many of the men have difficulty understanding English. They especially can't understand sergeantese.

"The Filipino soldier," says Colonel Offley, "hates to admit that he doesn't understand, for that would reflect on the officer. As a result, he says that he understands when he doesn't." But now 40 percent of their commissioned officers are Pinoys, so that lately it has become possible to give class instruction in native dialects. Commands, however, are always in English.

The highly sensitive Pinoys must never be "bawled out" in old army fashion. The dressing down which might spur an ordinary soldier to greater endeavor would probably bring tears to the eyes of a Filipino private. When a Pinoy makes a mistake, the officer points it out gently. That is all that is necessary.

When the First Filipino Infantry finished its early training and prepared for

the heavier work, officers were frankly worried.

"We weren't sure the men would be able to take it," says Colonel Offley. "Many of them are in their 40's—the average is 34."

But the Filipinos, wiry and agile,



"If they ignore us, ignore them right back!"

proved to be the physical equal of most men ten years younger.

"Part of it," Colonel Offley explains, "is due to the fact that most of them have worked hard all their lives. But the real reason is their eagerness."

On all long marches army trucks follow to pick up men who are unable to stand the grind. Only once has a Filipino fallen out. He was a man who had given his age as 45. His company commander noticed he was tiring and finally ordered him to fall out. The soldier reluctantly climbed into the truck. Five minutes later he died of a heart attack. Investigation revealed that he was 62 years old.

When soldiers from the Pinoy regiments graduate from OCS—as an unusually large number have—they return to their own outfits as officers. These are the only regiments in the army

where this is permitted. As a result, many men whose parents lived in virtual peonage in the Philippines share bachelor officers' quarters with the sons of some of Manila's oldest and proudest families. There is not a suspicion of class distinction. The Filipino Infantry regiments are living examples of democracy at work.

Lorenzo Sevilla, son of a prominent Manila family, dropped his banking and finance classes at New York University to enlist in the Pinoys. Vincent Singian, with a Ph.D. and a career in foreign service, became a private. Marcos Roces, son of the Manila publishing family, left the staff of the Philippine Commissioner in Washington and won a lieutenantcy.

From the army itself came veteran soldiers—all Filipinos. Master Sergeant Isodoro Dacquel, with 20 years of service, arrived with Technical Sergeant Francisco Morales, in his 30th year of service, and would prefer to finish his hitch in Tokyo. Half a dozen Filipino graduates of West Point transferred to the new regiment.

The army is proud of its Filipino troops—but it has had its troubles with them. The Quartermaster Department is convinced that Filipinos were born for the particular purpose of driving supply sergeants mad. One man wears a size 2½ shoe; size 3½ is common among them. Nearly all must have their blouses and slacks tailored to order, because of their size. And the Filipino soldier wants his clothes to fit well, for he is proud of his appearance.

Many Pinoys take even their denims to civilian tailors to be fitted. And they have their fatigues cleaned and pressed instead of washed. "The laundry makes 'em look like bags," said a dapper little sergeant. "Even when I'm working I want to look like a soldier."

From army standard food, the Pinoy mess sergeants have become expert at

(Continued on page 54)

THE RIGHT .38

(Continued from page 11) the chief and he orders me back to post. I yell Frank's killed and he puts his gun back in his pocket and . . ."

"He what?" the sheriff broke in. "Puts his gun back and blows for the sergeant. That turns out the off-duty guards and he rushes 'em off to see if somebody's cut the wire, which they hadn't."

Johnson said, "I'd got Holmes's message and was looking for him."

"Yeh," Casey nodded slowly, "with your gun out. What sort of iron you carry, chief?"

Johnson half-smiled. "A .38 police model, same as all the guards." He stopped smiling. "What you carry yourself, sergeant?"

"Thirty-eight. Only I wasn't waving it where a guy's just been killed, if you get what I mean."

"Examine it." Johnson dropped his gun on the table.

"I may later. Why'd you have it out?"

"Guess I was uneasy . . . after what the office girl said . . . then I heard Binski holler, so I . . ."

"Okay," Casey said. "That's all now, Chief. Take your gun along. Thanks,

Binski. Please send in that man Mertons."

The timekeeper was fanning himself with his hat, red face sweating, eyes sticking out as if he were choking. "I want it understood," he began, "my trouble with Holmes had nothing to do with this."

Casey's face set into blankness. The sheriff, however, demanded sharply, "What trouble?"

"Nothing to do with this . . . this murder. My God, I wouldn't kill a man for not punching the clock. Even

(Continued on page 33)



House Warming, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

"Getting the stove was Grandpa's idea. Serving my guests with America's Best — Schenley Royal Reserve — is my idea. Resourcefulness and hospitality are America's ideas."

Buy War Bonds Regularly

SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve



Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

A Report to the Nation

..on the Beverage Distilling Industry's
Part in the War Effort...and the current
Question of Rationing

by **H.V. Kaltenborn**

NOTED COMMENTATOR
AND JOURNALIST



IN RECENT MONTHS I have received a number of letters from my radio and movie audience asking me this question ... "Will our distilleries continue to produce alcoholic beverages during the war?"

Frankly, I did not know the answer. I investigated and here is what I found out. No distiller is making whiskey today. The beverage distilling industry is engaged 100% in producing war alcohol for the government.

As a matter of fact, I discovered that individually and collectively the beverage distilling industry offered its facilities

to the government one year before Pearl Harbor.

Here's another interesting point. While distillers have substantial stocks on hand, made during peacetime...enough to last three years...they have, in fairness to all, self-imposed a system of rationing. This will assure anyone interested in purchasing these products that a reasonable amount will be available over a period of time.

During my investigation I also learned the answers to several other questions. I am telling you about them below.



1 Alcohol is vital to war production because it is a basic ingredient used in the manufacture of smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber. The government's 1943 quota calls for 530,000,000 gallons, half of which is supplied by the beverage distilling industry.



2 The industry's facilities for the production of grain alcohol make it possible to include 200,000 tons of rubber from grain in the government's 870,000-ton synthetic rubber program. In producing war alcohol the industry uses grain exclusively (no sugar). Sugar is never used in making whiskey, either.



3 This use of grain will not deplete the stores needed for food as there is a tremendous surplus on hand. The distilling industry is transforming 100,000,000 bushels of it into vital war material, enabling farmers to contribute even more directly to the war effort and freeing much needed granary space.



4 Although 100% converted for war alcohol, the industry will still be able to supply alcoholic beverages to the public from reserve stocks made during peacetime and thus continue to account for more than a billion dollars in taxes every year for the federal and state governments.



5 The fact that, when war came, we had a full-fledged beverage distilling industry in existence made this contribution possible. Otherwise, it is easy to understand how the government would have been forced to spend months of time and millions of dollars in building and renovating distilleries and training personnel.

When sometimes you may be unable to obtain your favorite brand...please remember...

- 1 No distiller is making whiskey today.
- 2 Every distiller is using his plant 100% to produce war alcohol for the government.
- 3 This alcohol is necessary for smokeless powder, chemical warfare materials, medical supplies, and synthetic rubber.
- 4 The supply of alcoholic beverages in storage must be made to last longer than originally planned.
- 5 Therefore—in fairness to all—rationing has been self-imposed to assure a reasonable supply over a period of time.

Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

H.V. Kaltenborn

if I did say things, I didn't mean them . . ."

Casey asked, "when'd you have this trouble?"

"Tonight when he come in, mister. Told him I'd have him docked."

"And what did he say?" Casey kept his face bland.

"Might as well tell, enough men heard us. He said, come out on his beat and he'd kick hell out of me."

"And you promised you'd come out?"

"Sure, I did, mister. Only I was just talking . . ."

"A bad habit," Casey remarked. "What size gun do you carry?"

Mertons eyed him wildly. "Mister, none usually. Only today, going to the bank for the payroll, I borrowed one from a guard . . ."

"An S. & W. .38?"

"Guess that's it. But I tell you . . ."

"You had it tonight at the restaurant?"

"That's right. Only I hardly noticed Holmes there. I was busy eating."

"Where's that naval officer?" Casey said, dismissing him.

Mertons hurried out, calling: "Mister officer! You're next!"

Lieutenant Arthur tried to be cooperative. "I've only been here five days. Sent from Washington to relieve Lieutenant Commander Anderson. . . . He was the inspector here ahead of me, sir, ordered away suddenly. I arrived the day he left. So I'm just getting my bearings."

"This new gadget you make here," the sheriff prompted. "It's something the Nazis would like to know about?"

The lieutenant, thin and youngish with light wavy hair, smiled. "To be sure, sir. The Japanese, also. A fire control unit, most secret. But I doubt it's connected with this . . . this . . ."

"Holmes," Casey said.

"Perhaps he had woman trouble. Some husband, perhaps. No one tried to cut the fence. Germans or Japanese wouldn't just shoot a guard. They'd attempt entry."

"Right," the sheriff said. "Better look up Holmes's record."

"What good in that?" Arthur asked. "Investigate his companions here in Michigan."

"I'll do that." Casey wrote in his notebook. "What sort of gun do you carry, lieutenant?"

Arthur laughed. "You suspect even me, sir?" He unbuttoned his blue jacket. "Navy issued it to me just before I left Washington."

The sheriff smiled and asked: "Another .38?"

"Yeah," Casey admitted and held it close to his eyes.

"What are these letters stamped in the steel? Can't quite see. J. A. Yours?"

"Yes, sir. John Arthur. I had those put there. Always wise to mark a gun. (Continued on page 37)

Airport in the Sky

DIRIGIBLE CARRIERS
PROPOSED TO
LAUNCH WARPLANES

IN THE SKY-CARRIER,
PLANES CAN BE LOWERED
THROUGH TRAP DOORS, FORE
AND AFT

I SUPPOSE THE
TAKE-OFFS
WILL BE
ROUGH?

NOT AT ALL
— SMOOTH AS
A PIPE-LOAD OF
PRINCE ALBERT!

AND THAT'S THE
SMOOTHEST THING
I KNOW—NOT A
HINT OF BITE IN
P.A.'S MELLOW
RICHNESS

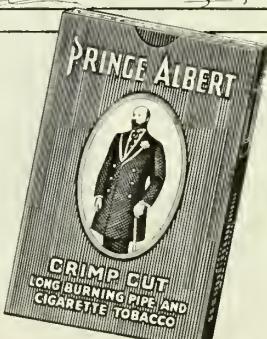
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THIS IS HOW THE PLANES CAN BE STOWED IN THE BAG

THERE'S NO OTHER
PIPE TOBACCO THAT
GIVES PRINCE ALBERT'S
MILDNESS WITH
RIPE TASTE

... OR P.A.'S
ROLL-YOUR-OWN
JOY, EITHER! THAT
GRAND TASTE IS SO
EASY ON THE
TONGUE

50
PIPEFULS
OF FRAGRANT
TOBACCO
IN EVERY
HANDY POCKET
PACKAGE OF
PRINCE ALBERT



**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"OLE SO'JER"
IS RARIN' TO GET
BACK IN - BUT HE
WOULD LIKE TO BE
COMMISSIONED - AS
A MAJOR - OR EVEN
CAPTAIN - AS MORE
FITTING TO HIS SHAPE
- AND THE SHAPE HE
IS IN - SO HE GOES
TO A LEGION BUDDY
FOR HIS "PHYSICAL" →
(REALLY)





SURE, OUR HOUSE IS CHILLY

...but we've got our friends to keep us warm

"65 degrees! Why, we'll all freeze!... Yes, I guess a lot of folks were pretty concerned when the news about fuel rationing was first announced. For it's no fun to live in a cold house—swaddled up in sweaters. But every time I'm tempted to grumble, I think of our boys in Iceland and Alaska...and on Guadalcanal and in Africa.

"Talk about hardships! We don't know how well-off we are. I guess we'll manage to survive the winter all right.

"As a matter of fact, we're really enjoying our home more than ever. For almost every evening our neighbors drop in for a game of cards—or we're over there... reading our 'V-mail'... chatting about the War... or just sitting quietly by the fire with some friendly bottles of Pabst

Blue Ribbon Beer on the table.

"Sure, our house is chilly—but we've got our friends to keep us warm....." And that's the new spirit on the home front today—a willingness to sacrifice—to accept wartime conditions with a cheery smile and a good-natured "so what."

People are rediscovering the simple pleasures of life... home... neighbors... an evening mellowed with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

FULL-FLAVOR BLENDED like fine champagne, sparkling Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is an exciting new taste experience. Not just 3, nor 5, nor 7 or 8 brews—but no less than 33 delicious brews are blended into this great Pabst masterpiece. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



Now more than ever—*A Symbol of Friendly Companionship*

BURSTS ONE MAN'S DUD IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S BURST

PRIVATE Swingle was not stepping very lively during the morning drill. He had a slight halt in one foot. "Hey, you!" bellowed the drill sergeant, "pick up them dogs! Have you got an onion in your shoe?"

"Naw," wearily replied Private Swingle, "but I've got a bunion that is seriously retarding this pilgrim's progress."

LEGIONNAIRE Albert D. Akin, Jr., of Los Angeles, California, got a bit of a chuckle out of an argument put up by an old friend of his away up in the Ozarks. The old gentleman gave his views on the war situation and what he would do to stop it. "Why," he said, "if the Japs ever get to this side of the water this here town will be the first one that will be bombed!"

"Hardly," objected Legionnaire Akin, "This town is a long way from the coast."

"Sure it'll be bombed," persisted the old gentleman, "Hit's the county seat, hain't hit?"

PFC GEORGE S. FLY of Mississippi, an old contributor to this magazine, now in service at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, solemnly avers (and we're in no position to argue with him) that he read a want ad in a western paper: "Owner of 1940 Ford would like to correspond with widow who owns two tires, object matrimony. Send photo of tires."

LEGIONHEIR W. W. Sutton, III, of Freeport, New York, reports the soldier who thought a jeep was a female Jap.



"The best I can get out of it is,
'You are now entering Los Angeles'!"

LEGIONNAIRE Mary C. McHale, of Edith Work Ayers Post of Cleveland, Ohio, had heard much about boomtown Washington, but didn't believe all she had been told until a friend recounted his experience in dining at a dog wagon in the capital city. The hungry visitor looked over the fly-specked menu, hesitating between the \$2.50 and \$3 dinner. Making up his mind, he beckoned the counter man. "I'll have this \$3 dinner," he said rather airily.

"Yes," agreed the counter man. "What'll you have it on--white or rye?"

LEGIONNAIRE May D. Collins, now of Chicago—in 1919 her address was Evacuation Hospital 3, Trier, Germany—declares she saw and read an amazing sign in a tailor shop at Trier. "Uniforms cleaned and pressed in the rear" was the service offered.

ONE of the really good stories of this Second World War comes in a letter from Colonel William C. McCally of Cleveland, Ohio, who commands a hospital unit in Australia: "In one of the forward air outfits one of the outstanding fighter pilots was a young fellow who was quite religious—didn't swear, smoke or drink. Came a dog fight. He ran out of ammunition, dived on the Zero, cut off a wing, bailed out and got a nasty jolt in landing.

"When the medical officer turned him over, his first question was, 'Did I get the yellow *** - - - -?' And he still doesn't swear."

A MIDDLE-AGED broker of Chicago's North Shore was recently given a commission in the Navy, choruses Emil W. Cederborg of Continental Illinois Post. The new officer frankly looks his age, and he is not as slender as he used to be. Since he was ordered on duty away from home and family, he thought he would surprise the folks by the gift of a picture of himself in uniform. He flashed the photograph upon the household at the dinner table and it passed from hand to hand without comment until it came to the youngest member of the family.

She looked at the picture carefully then turned her gaze in a thoughtful manner full on the head of the household. "Well, dad," she remarked with a gusty sigh, "you're good, anyway!"

JUDGE Frank A. Mathews, Jr., Past Department Commander of New Jersey and until recently, when released for physical reasons, a lieutenant colonel in the Army, was being kidded by a

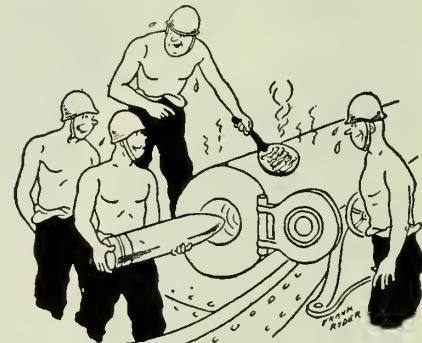
friend who called him a "retread."

"I'm not only a re-tread," agreed the Judge, "but am also re-tired."

THE old slogan was "Join the Navy and see the world" has been changed to "Join the Navy and see what's left of it," wisecracks Joseph G. Lang of Brooklyn (New York) Edison Post.

OLD Major Hygiene says that the odor of the average disinfectant does a lot to reconcile one to the prospect of taking the disease it's meant to prevent.

PRIVATE Mose had been to the infirmary for relief from the discomforts of a chest cold. The next day he showed up on the sick report. "Didn't



"Another shot, boys! I like my bacon crisp!"

that mustard plaster we gave you do any good?" asked the medical officer. "Yas suh, hit was purty fair," responded the patient, "but, suh, hit sholy did bite my tongue when ah et it!"

CAPTAIN C. L. Tillinghast, now of Ellington Field, Texas, chuckles over the demand of a fresh recruit back in the early days of the draft. A new lot of draftees came down upon the camp—a new one—and some had to be detailed for guard duty. First tour at midnight the headquarters phone rang. "Hullo," came a voice soft and full-throated that bespoke the Southerner, "is this the O. D.? This is the sentry at the main gate and I'm powerful hungry out heah. Won't somebody run me out a little lunch?"

LEGIONNAIRE John McMorris of Corinth, New York, says that a youngster of his acquaintance chided his cat for purring. "All right, you dumb-bell," scolded the boy, "if you're goin' to park there, turn off your engine. Don't you know that gas is rationed?"

MAC, the old gyrene, says that the Marines of today are the same old chow-hounds they were back in the old World War. For instance: "The break for breakfast, the lunge for lunch, and the din at dinner all remind me of the lads of 1918."

NICK SCUTTI of Atlantic City (New Jersey) Post says he saw this sign in a barber shop: Army Haircuts Repaired.

that you carry, don't you think, sir?"
"Usually." Casey handed it back.
"Sheriff, get Blakehouse."

The general manager sat down stiffly as if the chair were a witness box. He had little to offer. The plant was making a secret fire control gadget. He wouldn't tell his own wife what. Yes, he'd taken unusual precautions. No, he didn't know Holmes or Binski. "I don't spend much time among watchmen," he added and put on his glasses and stared at Casey.

Casey stared back. "Spend much time at the Greek's?"

"You have no authority to question me, but I'll submit. No, I seldom go there. Tonight I 'phoned my wife at eleven. She was waiting to play cribbage, asked me to bring some sherbet. That was the nearest restaurant.

"Speak to Holmes there?"

"This guard? Wouldn't have noticed him. I did see the navy man . . . he's new, can't think of his name. I nodded to him and got my sherbet. We had started cribbage when the 'phone rang."

"What kind of gun were you carrying?"

The man's eyes widened. "Who told you that? I have a permit."

"Let's see the gun."

Awkwardly Blakehouse laid an S. & W. .38 on the table. The sheriff laughed this time instead of smiling.

"That makes it unanimous," Casey said. "The timekeeper, guard, Johnson, Lieutenant Arthur, now you, all with .38's."

"You're not suggesting that I . . ."

"Hell, I suggest nothing. The night superintendent, please."

Gregory was a bald, sober citizen with a hurried air of too much unfinished business. He carried a pile of loose-leaf notebooks. "I brought the employes' files, Sergeant," he began. "Knew you'd want Holmes's background."

"Good," Casey approved. "But first . . . what make gun you carry?"

"Never carried a gun in my life."

"Then it ain't unanimous," the sheriff chuckled.

The superintendent looked at him blankly and opened a book. "Here's Holmes's record. Clean slate from the F.B.I. All our men are checked. He served in the other war, never got overseas. Had been here five months. Came from New Jersey. Employed there by Ajax Optical."

"Hum," Casey said.

"I know," Gregory agreed. "That's the concern was in the papers. Owned by Nazi Farben - something - or - other. Holmes left them nearly a year ago. Did odd jobs, then came to Detroit. Lives at . . ."

Casey wrote down the address and added: "I'd like everybody's home address. Blakehouse's . . . Yours . . . Thanks . . . Lieutenant Arthur's . . ."

"Not entered yet. Too new. Fellow



**Oh me, oh my,
Oh MA!**

How long ago did this happen to you? Youngster or oldster, the price of too much of a good thing is likely to be stomach distress, a sour, sickish feeling, simple diarrhea. Be gentle with such upsets . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH! Don't pile more trouble on a troubled stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . to relieve sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.



PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

worked here ahead of him, though . . .”

Casey read aloud: “Lieutenant Commander Joseph Anderson, 2130 Grove Place, Birmingham. Thanks. Now the timekeeper’s. And Binski’s. Need his complete record.” He scanned it twice. It offered little. Binski was 48, born in the next county; he had worked as a prison guard for twelve years, leaving the State’s employ for higher wages.

“Think you can locate the workers who were over at the Greek’s tonight?” Casey asked Gregory.

“Easily.”

Casey picked up his overcoat. “See you all at the inquest,” he told the men in the outer room.

IT was nearly five o’clock when Casey found the home of the dead guard in Royal Oak. The small house was lighted at every window and neighbors were consoling the widow.

“Hate to horn in, ma’m,” Casey said, “only I need to know. How’d your husband happen to quit his job in Jersey?”

“He got fired.” Mrs. Holmes wiped her eyes. “Five years he worked there and if it wasn’t for Kestenburg . . .”

“Who’s that?” Casey demanded.

“The young one. Son of the boss. A dirty Nazi. The old man, the Manager Kestenburg, the Government’s locked him up now. The young one got away to Germany. It was him had my man fired.”

“How come?” Casey asked.

“It was account the radio. Frank was night watch in the optical works. He found the radio and the son sending something. Kestenburg claims it’s just experiments, but he gets Frank fired.”

“When was that?”

“One year ago now.”

“Why’d you come to Michigan, ma’m?”

“My two sisters, they live here. Their men had good jobs.” She talked willingly. Holmes and she were both Vermonters, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary recently; yes, he was in the Army last time; about six months and fell off a truck. Was a year in the hospital.

“Yes, sir,” she said, “he draws a pension, twenty-eight a month.”

“Thanks,” Casey said at length. The sheriff was waiting in the car. “Want to send some telegrams,” Casey told him. “Think I’ve got something. Have to sleep on it.”

The inquest next day brought out no new facts. Lieutenant Arthur, Binski, even Blakehouse and Miss Kinder, were all good witnesses. Mertons alone got mixed; remembered only after Gregory’s prodding that he’d reprimanded Holmes a week earlier for another neglect of the clock. Casey sat through the session silently, now and then putting evidence in his notebook, now and then fingering the bunch of yellow telegrams in his pocket. After the inquest, he went back

to the plant and with the lieutenant and Chief Johnson, re-examined the employees’ records. He finally asked:

“This navy inspector, the one ahead of you, Arthur . . .”

“Anderson, sir,” the lieutenant prompted.

“Did he mention any trouble when you took over?”

“None, sir.” The young fellow smiled, and Casey demanded:

“What’s funny?”

“Nothing, sir, of course. The com-

“Did you know him before?” Casey asked.

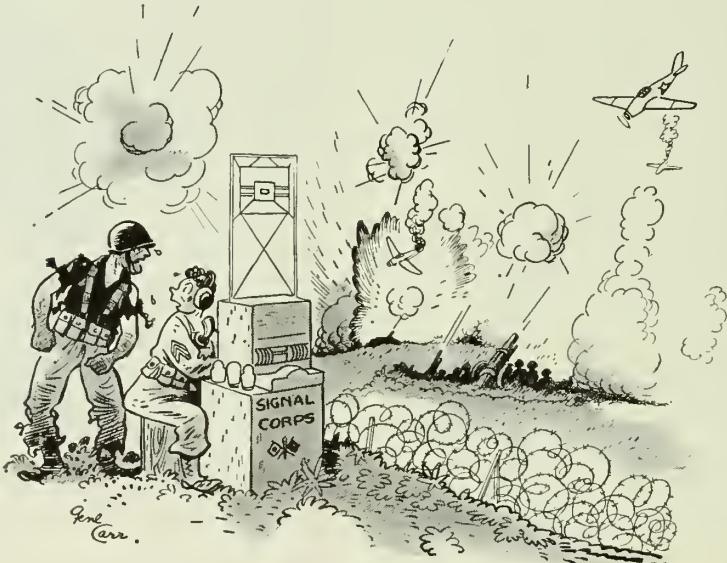
“No, sir.”

“That’s all, gentlemen.” Casey closed his notebook. “He probably couldn’t tell much, anyway. Suppose I’d better run out and look over his diggings, though.”

“Any other questions here?” Manager Blakehouse asked nervously.

“I guess,” Casey said, “I have as much as I’m going to get.”

He sat in his car at noon and watched employees return from lunch. Blakehouse



“Turn in on a news broadcast so we find out how we’re making out!”

mander only said they might be making hairpins here, for all the excitement.”

“Nobody even once tried any monkey business?” Casey persisted.

Chief Johnson interrupted: “Never at the plant.”

“Where?”

“It wasn’t anything, Sergeant. Anderson found somebody snooping outside his window. Chased ‘em. Told me next day.”

“You mean a window where he lived?”

“That’s it. He had a room somewhere.”

Casey consulted his notebook. “Birmingham.”

“He heard somebody in the night.”

“When?”

“Week, ten days ago. All Anderson did was tear his new blue pants, cut his leg. He had the dispensary tie it up. Guy got away. Just a prowler.”

Lieutenant Arthur offered: “He was limping, sir, when I took over.”

“We kidded him,” Johnson added.

Casey asked, “Where’d they transfer him?”

“Didn’t tell me,” Johnson said. “Just didn’t turn up one morning.”

“He was called back to Washington, sir,” Arthur volunteered. “Verbal orders. On the ‘phone, I believe. I’d been ordered out to take his place. Arrived the night he left.”

exceeded the thirty-five-mile limit hurrying in and Johnson, who had been standing in the winter sun, turned immediately through the gate. Timekeeper Mertons trod heavily from the Greek’s, as if the size of his meal were bearing him down. Lieutenant Arthur overtook him and they entered together, Arthur talking, Mertons listening. Casey drove north at once, fitting together the jigsaw of ideas and suspicions. Some parts joined neatly, others gaped.

At two o’clock he stopped by a small green house on the edge of Birmingham. . . . Not very pretentious lodgings for a naval lieutenant commander, but, Casey reflected, you took what you could get these days. When no one answered at the front, he tried the kitchen.

“I want to buy nothing,” an old woman said and started to shut the door. But Casey put in his foot and showed his badge.

“Police?” the woman exclaimed, and then: “I’m deaf. You got to holler loud.”

Casey hollered. Yes, the woman agreed, Anderson lived here. He rented the front room and bath, downstairs. He was the only one who used the front door. Her husband and the other roomer, a war worker on night shift, came and went by the kitchen.

"How long has Anderson been gone?"
Casey asked.

"Gone?"

Casey could not tell whether she was surprised.

"I don't know if he's gone," she said, but she seemed anxious. "He's paid up. We never see him. I don't spy. He makes his own bed. That's the bargain. I only go in on Saturday." She objected, however, when Casey asked to see the room. Her husband had its only other key, would not return till after four from the tank arsenal.

One block up a side street, Casey parked his car and walked back to a small, steamy restaurant on the corner. A dry cleaning and tailoring establishment stood next to it. Casey looked at the clothes in the window and then, entering, talked for five minutes to the office girl; at length went into the restaurant and ordered a sandwich. From a seat by the window he could see the front door of Anderson's rooming house. He ordered another sandwich and waited. It was a long wait. He reviewed his facts. At five minutes of four he had almost given up hope when he saw a figure mounting the opposite steps.

Casey left money on the table and ran. As he crossed the curb, his hand was on the grip of his pistol inside his pocket. The door had closed as he reached the porch. He snatched the knob.

Lieutenant Arthur faced him, astonishment in his eyes.

"Hello," Casey said affably, "what are you doing here?"

Arthur said, "Why . . . you said you were coming out, sir. . . ."

"So you decided to come along? I see. You took this room over, too, as well as Anderson's job?"

"Why, yes, sir, I did. He recommended it. I thought I told you, sir."

"Didn't hear you." Casey waited for Arthur to open the door to the bedroom.

"Step in, sir," the other finally said.

It was a neat room, thinly furnished, with two windows on the street. Casey saw them out of the edge of his eye. With the other edge he saw Arthur's quick motion. So Casey said, "I've got you covered, Kestenburg. Through my pocket. No need reaching for your gun."

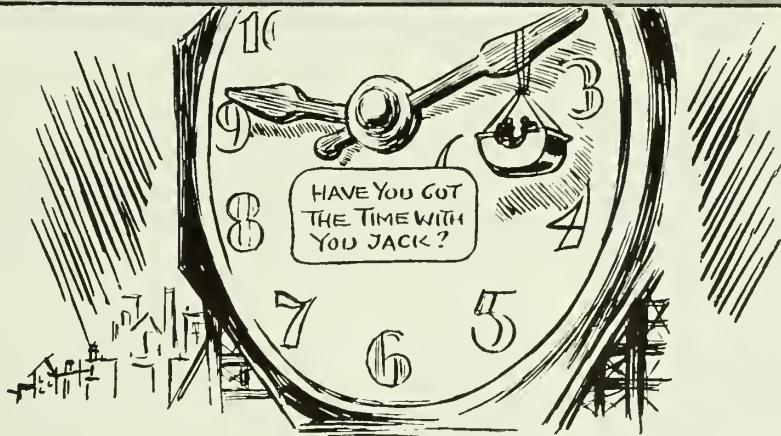
"What's that, sir?"

Casey cried, "Don't 'sir' me! It's one reason I spotted you. Hands up. The Gestapo ain't the only smart cops in the world. They ought to teach you how naval officers don't ever 'sir' police sergeants." He was pushing his pocket toward the other man, watching his hands rise slowly, his mouth sag. It took only a moment to remove the .38 from its holster.

"Lift your leg now," Casey said. "Right one. Let me look. Still wearing Anderson's pants, are you? Yeh, I saw the mend there on the leg first night

Famous Highs

by
C. A. Voight



Clock high!

YOU COULD TAKE A FERRIS-WHEEL RIDE ON THE MINUTE HAND OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CLOCK, BECAUSE IT'S ALMOST 40 FEET LONG! WHICH REMINDS US IT'S HIGH TIME YOU DISCOVERED THE AMAZING SMOOTHNESS OF **TEN HIGH**, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"



Aquaplane high!

AQUAPLANING IS ROUGH GOING, BUT ONE MAN MANAGED TO STAY ON THE BUCKING BOARD FOR A RECORD OF 10 HOURS! FOR THE EASIEST KIND OF GOING, WE REFER YOU TO THE SMOOTH, **ALL-BOURBON** FLAVOR OF TODAY'S **TEN HIGH**!



..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of **TEN HIGH** there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of **TEN HIGH** is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of **TEN HIGH** may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

I saw *you*, in Johnson's office. They're Anderson's new pants that he had sewed in the shop across the street, after he tore 'em chasing you off, first time. You got in, next try. Landlady didn't hear the row because she was deaf! And Anderson left, on verbal orders. Yeh, yours. Leastways Washington says it ain't sent him any. Here, put out your arms now."

Casey fastened the handcuffs.

"And now, Herr Kestenberg, our juries ain't foolin' with Nazi spies these days. Especially ones that are American citizens. If you want to save your neck, you'd better talk."

"**T**HREE were two murders," Casey explained a few hours later to the group assembled in Chief Johnson's office. "The guard was just unlucky. He happened to recognize Arthur, or Kestenberg . . . which way you want it now, fellow? Arthur or Kestenberg?"

Young Kestenberg stared defiantly and Casey said: "He called himself John Arthur so his initials would match Anderson's. Well, poor Holmes saw him there at the Greek's, and he saw Holmes, too, and got rattled and spilled his coffee. Here was the old fellow he'd got

rid of once at his dad's plant, back in Jersey! The guard couldn't quite figure it. But soon's he got out in the air he remembered . . . that was his ex-boss's Nazi son, dressed up in an American uniform . . . well, he knew there was a plot, all right."

Chief Johnson brought his fist down on the table.

"Yeh, he had to wait for you, Johnson," Casey said. "But that wasn't your fault. Only, this so-and-so didn't wait. He figured, if he could spot Holmes, then Holmes certainly had spotted him. So he shot him, from behind. Same way he'd fixed Commander Anderson after a fight. You tell 'em, sheriff."

"We found Anderson's body in a culvert over near Orchard Lake just as this . . . this . . ." the sheriff jerked his thumb at young Kestenberg . . . "this creature told us we would. Anderson was in civvies. This man's, I reckon. He'd been dead five days."

"Dead!" Blakehouse exclaimed.

Casey said, "Remember, it's a naval secret, not hairpins, you've got here. This young Nazi came out to kill Anderson and take his place as inspector. A big idea. Only," he waved his notebook at Kestenberg, "you gave it away in

little things, but even the best of crooks make that mistake."

Kestenberg stiffened and his handcuffs rattled. "I gave nothing!"

"Tipped me off that you'd known the guard before by saying, 'Investigate his companions here in Michigan.' Showed you knew he'd come from somewhere else. And you saw no use in looking up his record."

"'Navy issued you a gun,' you said. Well, I happen to know, if you didn't, Navy never issues guns to officers ashore. You get 'em from the armorer, aboard ship. And it never issues .38's, afloat or on the beach. Only .45's. If a guy ashore wants a gun, he buys any kind anywhere, the way Anderson did."

He picked up the weapon Kestenberg had carried.

"These initials are worn, too, not fresh. Anderson had it a long time. He was a saving kind of guy. I checked. Lived in a cheap room, wore mended pants." He swung on Kestenberg. "Got anything more to say for yourself, Nazi?"

"The government in Berlin will help me."

"Oh, it will? Well, save your breath asking for it," Casey said. "You'll need all you got. Won't have any very long."

THE WEST COAST PRESENTS

(Continued from page 21)

no advance information about the movement of troops, but it so happened that the high school where Ruth was a student, was conveniently situated on a high hill above the town, from which approaching trains could be easily spotted. There was no waiting for permission from the faculty when a troop train appeared—the students rushed out en masse to the depot and were on hand to greet the soldiers and offer them true hospitality and entertainment during their brief stop-overs.

Larders were well-stocked for always-hungry soldiers, impromptu dances were staged, tours of the vicinity in the comparatively few automobiles then available were provided. During the winter months, all available ice skates were kept on hand in the high school and skating parties on the Winnemucca River, at the edge of town, were enjoyed, although the local youths, who had practically grown up on skates, were surprised at the number of soldiers who had not mastered them. A great deal of interesting correspondence developed from the many letters of thanks that came back from the soldiers who had been their guests.

But entertaining troops wasn't young Miss Vargas's only war effort. Active in the Junior Red Cross, she helped to roll bandages and to make dressings, and with no previous knowledge, she became so proficient in the art of knitting that

she could sit in a dark moving-picture theater and enjoy the film while her needles clicked industriously. As recognition of her early-acquired proficiency as a speaker on the school debating team, Ruth Vargas was selected as one of the "Minute Men" and appeared before many local clubs lodges and other groups to further the sale of Liberty Bonds.

Her high-school course completed, Ruth went to Oakland, California, to visit a brother, hoping to enter the University of California. It was her ambition to take a pre-legal course, eventually win her LL.B. and practice law. Serious difficulties with her eyes interrupted her university work as well as a special course she was taking at an Oakland business college. Suffering this disappointment, she returned home and eventually entered the University of Nevada at Reno, but again was thwarted in her ambitions by a recurrence of the faulty eyesight.

Came the end of the war, and our soldiers were returning home from France, from the Occupied Area in Germany, and other foreign posts. Among them, during the summer of 1919, was Alfred J. Mathebat, of Alameda, California, who after enlisting in the 144th Field Artillery, 40th Division, and assigned to Battery B, was later transferred to Headquarters, 13th Field Artillery, Fourth Division, and performed noteworthy service with the lat-

ter regiment as a member of its telephone detail. His services were of exceptional worth because of his complete knowledge of the French language.

Al Mathebat was a first-generation American—his parents, Antoine and Marie Mathebat, having emigrated from their Pyrenees home in France to America shortly after their marriage. With no knowledge of English, they had met the usual difficulties that beset newcomers to a strange land, but notwithstanding the handicap they bravely set out across the continent and located in Alameda, California. Here Antoine Mathebat engaged in the laundry business with marked success, and here two sons and a daughter were born.

During the winter of 1919 while in Oakland, Al Mathebat and Ruth Vargas, again on a visit to her brother, were introduced at a dinner dance. Their mutual attraction led to romance and to their marriage in August, 1920.

We can take Ruth Mathebat's word for it—she had never been a "joiner" and had never become associated with any of the numerous women's clubs and associations in Alameda. Her interest was in her home. Al Mathebat has no one but himself to blame when he complains that during many years past his principal occupation seems to have consisted of putting Ruth onto trains, or of meeting her at the station when she returned from her journeys. You see it was Al Mathebat who convinced Ruth

of the important position in our national life that both the Legion and its then newly-formed Auxiliary were rapidly attaining. Upon his request, Ruth Mathebat became an early member of Alameda Post's Auxiliary Unit, one of the first organized in California. Little did Al Mathebat realize that he had started his wife on the road that led to the National Presidency of the largest patriotic organization of women in the world.

Al Mathebat is a twenty-five-year member of the Legion, having signed the charter of Alameda Post. During the year 1927 he served his Post as Commander and since his retirement from that office has been continuously active, and for the past five years has been the Post Service Officer. The central location of his business office in Alameda has caused it to become a Mecca not only of Legionnaires but of all veterans who seek advice and aid. When his other numerous activities permit, he is engaged in the real estate and insurance business. Those other, outside duties? Well, he is a member of the Alameda selective service board, the rationing board, a member of the Rotary Club, the Elks and other organizations, and when a special local campaign is under way, you will generally find Al Mathebat as a member of the committee or, more likely, as its chairman.

Ruth, early convinced of the splendid work the Auxiliary was accomplishing, has been devoting most of her time to its activities since she first became a member. Her career of service has been continuous and is too well-known to report in detail. Her enthusiastic support of its program soon gained her Department and eventually National recognition.

Her year of service as Unit President in '26 was followed by re-election for a second term. In 1927, she filled the office of County Council President, in 1928 as Department Executive Committee-woman, the following two years as Department Rehabilitation Chairman. Then came her election to the office of Area President, followed by a term as Department Vice President, during which she served also as Department Membership Chairman, and later as Department Legislative Chairman. In 1936 she received the honor of election to the Presidency of the Department of California.

In 1937 began a long term of service in National appointments. While serving as National Child Welfare Chairman, she also represented California on the National Executive Committee, followed by a year as National Vice Chairman of Child Welfare. At the National Convention in Chicago in 1939, she was elected National Vice President for the Western Division. During the year 1940-1941, she was National Chairman of National Defense and for the year immediately preceding her election as National Presi-

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR GUNS AND AMMUNITION

What to do with guns by Old Hank

- "First thing I always do, is make sure there aren't any shells or cartridges left in my gun."
- "Then, since I use Remington ammunition with that Kleanbore* non-corrosive priming, I just wipe the gun off with an oily rag, and put a drop or two of oil in the action."
- "Of course, if the gun has been out in damp salt air for some time, or if it's fallen overboard or gotten soaked in the rain or snow—then the barrel and action need a cleaning and oiling."
- "When you put guns away, be sure they're not cocked, for that's tough on the main spring."
- "And remember, if you've got any questions about care of guns, or repairs, see the fellow in your town that sells and services 'em."

What to do with ammunition

- "From the way some folks talk about ammunition, you'd think it was some delicate stuff that had to be coddled. I confess I don't always take the best care of it myself. Many's the time I've hung up a wet hunting coat with ammunition in the pockets—and they've both dried out right well, and the ammunition has shot all right later. But it would have been better to take that ammunition out of the pockets. The important thing to remember is to store ammunition in a cool, dry place."



Factory stocks of sporting arms and ammunition are exhausted. So, for the present, conserve what you have!

THOUGH modern firearms and ammunition are made to withstand a reasonable amount of severe treatment, they can be ruined by neglect.

So with "make it last" a more important habit today than ever before, "Old Hank" is offering some advice on the care of guns and ammunition which you may find helpful.

War Salvage Notes—Save your empty shot shell heads and cartridge cases, and turn them in to your local scrap metal collection agencies. They contain salvageable brass. Save waterfowl feathers (up to 2½ inches), and the down, for use in servicemen's cold-resistant coats. Save excess animal fats for use in making explosives. And save hides, too. Contribute them to the war effort through local channels. They're useful in making certain types of servicemen's clothing.

Remington Aids for Gun Care—Ask your local Remington dealer for Remington Oil, Grease, Rust Remover or Powder Solvent. Remington Oil contains Du Pont Extreme Pressure Lubricant for lasting adhesiveness and film strength. Remington Gun Grease gives an effective protective coating when laying a gun away for some time.

Use Remington Rust Remover to clean off rust spots before applying oil or grease. Remington Powder Solvent removes powder residue from the bore or action of rifles, shotguns or pistols.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

dent, served as Chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee.

That record of service apparently would occupy any woman's full time, so this reporter was amazed when he learned of the numerous other duties Ruth Mathebat has so successfully fulfilled for her community and for her State.

Only a partial recital of these activities will be attempted. She served as Director of the Alameda Red Cross Chapter and chairman of the Red Cross War Fund Drive, which was greatly oversubscribed; was a member of the Defense Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the San Francisco World's Fair Advisory Committee; chairman of the Alameda Aluminum Drive, which broke all comparative records in the State; a member of her

city's Social Service Board on a six-year appointment.

In spare moments, evidently, she devoted much time to the Chairmanship of Alameda's Hospitality House for men in service, for which she obtained the use of the clubhouse of the Adelphian Club, the women's club of her city, of which she is an active member; also as a director of the Little Theater Group; an active member of the Church Guild; a director of the Community Council of Alameda, and was appointed a delegate to the California Conference of Social Workers for a six-year term.

Those high ranges and plateaus of Nevada in our mountainous West can well be proud of this remarkable woman, Ruth Mathebat, who will prove an inspiration to the tens of thousands of patriotic women in the Auxiliary whose

war program she will direct this year. So, well may her adopted State of California.

There is no lack of humility in Ruth Mathebat's nature. In thanking the convention for the honor bestowed upon her, she voiced these words: "Never have I contemplated this moment without awe. To be National President, leading more than 9,000 Units scattered over the length and breadth of this great country of ours and overflowing into the territories, is a rare privilege to come to any American woman. I fully realize the responsibility and the challenge presented today, and I am sure that with Divine guidance and with the undivided coöperation of every member of the American Legion Auxiliary, there isn't any task that is too great, any challenge we cannot meet."

VICTORY: ON FROM THERE

(Continued from page 14)
feudalism, all based on a single ruthless, uncontrolled party, a vampire feeding on the blood of slaves.

IN FRANCE when the two-party system fell victim to pressure groups (of the type now so active in the United States), each clique completely antagonistic and contemptuous of the general welfare, her doom was at hand. The consequence of pressure groups is inevitable—a weak coalition of governments within government, compromising national issues without regard to principle and leading ultimately to anarchy and self-destruction.

Constitutional Democracy requires a finely-balanced division of powers between legislative, executive and judicial branches of government, each performing its constitutional duties and rigorously respecting the functions of the others. When Congress becomes a rubber stamp for the executive, whether a Lenin, a Mussolini, or a Hitler, under the guise of popular demand or war necessity, representative government is gone.

Constitutional Democracy necessitates an independent judiciary led by a courageous, uncompromising Supreme Court, uninfluenced by legislative, executive, or popular pressures. It means a court pledged to measure every Act of Congress or the executive branch of government against the Constitution and to nullify those actions contravening that yardstick of freedom. Once a court yields its independence, dictatorship is only a question of time.

The essence of Constitutional Democracy is rule of law, rather than arbitrary discretion with one standard for one man or group and another for others. It signifies equality of each citizen before the law. It provides pro-

tection for the individual through trial by one's peers in open court as guaranteed by the Constitution, rather than through secret hearings or under administrative edicts promulgated by bureaucrats without legislative or constitutional authority.

Finally, Constitutional Democracy holds an attribute of the spirit—tolerance for the rights and opinions of others. It aims to eliminate rather than to foment discriminations and class or racial hatreds. It assures recognition of the innate dignity of all individuals as masters rather than slaves of the state.

Within the framework of Constitutional Democracy, the post-war era can become the greatest period of prosperity ever conceived. Properly organized, it can mean economic security for the individual as well as a permanent world peace.

The first requisite is an international organization, not a world state, which would be impractical. This organization, as agent of the victorious United Nations, would be limited in its functions to the preservation of world peace through an international police force and the establishment of an international court of arbitration. Those agencies, by policing the air and sea lanes, enforcing rigid limitations on national military, naval, and air forces and production of war matériel, supported financially by all the nations, could prevent war even if it should mean an enforced peace for many years.

Adequate provision must of course be made for the ultimate re-admission of the Axis powers into the family of nations. Such a program would greatly reduce the huge expenditures of the past for armaments, thereby releasing untold billions of dollars for rehabilitation, debt and tax reduction, and for the greater social security of all peoples.

Secondly, the peace treaty must provide economic international stability free of government domination. There must be a revival and healthy expansion of international trade and finance with security of contracts and investments guaranteed and enforced by the International Court of Justice. There must be a return to sanity among the nations with respect to restrictions on international trade, embargoes, tariffs, import quotas, competitive subsidies, etc. These in recent years have reduced world trade to the lowest level of the past century, each nation seeking to become self-sufficient at the expense of most of the others.

All trade discriminations and preferences must be eliminated. Access to raw materials must be on equal terms to all nations. Gold must be re-established as a basis for international exchange and payments to replace barter which, though resorted to on a large scale in recent years, is merely a clumsy device of primitive societies. The various currencies of the world must again be based upon gold if there is to be any degree of stability in the internal economics of the nations and if governments are to be prevented from periodically defrauding their peoples and their creditors through currency manipulations.

Governments, as such, must be eliminated from all international trade and finance. If they continue their present monopolies and domination of international trade they will merely be working for bigger and better wars. Commercial disputes can be settled between private corporations or individuals by agreement, at law, or by arbitration, but differences between governments can too readily move directly into armed conflict. Furthermore, no government can control the foreign trade of its

people without likewise dominating its internal trade. No nation can function for long half totalitarian, half free in its economy. Nor can governments be allowed to monopolize or dominate international finance for the same reasons. The function of government should be to regulate, not control, the flow of loans and investments between nations. Governments should guarantee free movement of goods and money, sanctity of contracts and investments, free from repudiation, confiscation, discrimination, and exploitation.

The huge savings of the United States and the bulk of the world's gold supply, now stored in this country, both of which have been sterilized for the past decade, can then be safely put to work rehabilitating the world, developing the resources of the undeveloped areas, and raising the living standards of other peoples to that of the United States. This can be done, however, only by increasing the productivity of such areas. Thus their purchasing power for our own exports will be increased, thereby assuring us of foreign markets on a scale never before contemplated and employing millions of our working men and women. Without such international outlets, the United States will be largely limited to its own internal development.

Such expanded trade will require a

revision of our attitude toward imports. Exports can be paid for in the long run only in goods and services. We must, therefore, be prepared to purchase from the rest of the world as much in dollar value as we sell abroad. Also, if we lend money abroad, we can be repaid only by excess of imports over our exports. Consequently, one of the greatest issues in our post-war economics will be whether labor, agriculture, and capital are prepared to accept imports as payment for our own exports and for our present or future investments or loans abroad. In the past no one of them has been willing.

Ultimately, it will be far better for us and the world if we will take from abroad those things which other countries can produce more cheaply while we concentrate on products which we can produce more efficiently. The interim period of adjustment here will be difficult and it is far from certain that the three great pressure groups will permit it.

Nevertheless, the United States can look forward to undreamed of prosperity, if properly organized to take advantage of its tremendous resources, its billions of idle savings, and its magnificent and highly skilled working force.

To make this possible there must be a prompt and complete return to

democratic processes; scrapping of all dictatorial war controls; unshackling of capital, management, land, and labor; a return to unity of purpose and teamwork between management and labor; re-establishment of free competitive markets; restoration of freedom of production and investment. Problems ahead will be tremendous even under a free economy regulated to prevent abuse. But without the return of economic freedom, the dead hand of dictatorship will destroy both our liberties and the foundation of economic progress.

Properly organized under a free economy, we in the United States, with or without the unlimited possibilities of foreign trade, can by the proper attitudes of government, use our greatly expanded production capacity and our magnificent labor force to assure full employment for everyone. The huge backlog of purchasing power, the tremendous accumulation of war-stifled demand for consumer goods, lower costs and lower prices based thereon resulting from expanded plant capacity and new technological processes arising out of the war emergency, will provide full employment, good wages, reasonable hours, and a higher living standard. New industries will arise, producing new products and better qualities of old products at lower prices. For example, we can expect a better car,

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"Obviously Wilson doesn't understand the use of a pup-tent!"

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER
...Look for the date line →

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK



Few "Eveready" batteries are available for civilians after the requirements of our armed forces are taken care of. This limited supply must fill essential needs on the home front. Please make yours last!

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

cheaper in maintenance, at half the price of 1939. We can look forward to every family owning a plane at a cost of \$1,000 or less.

By lower prices based on constantly lowering costs, as technology functions, we shall be constantly tapping the purchasing power of lower-income groups at home and abroad, raising their standards of living and guaranteeing by their purchases steady and full employment for all. Imagine the effect on employment here if the Southern Negro, the Chinese coolie, or the Indian peasant could buy a Ford car at \$250, or if they could buy three nightshirts per year instead of one! On the other hand, with each rise in price some income group must reduce its purchases with resulting reduced employment and lower living standards. Those who say America has reached her maturity, lost her frontiers, and has become a static nation are sheer defeatists. America's frontiers are unlimited—the frontiers of Science. Technology, under the competitive system of individual initiative, will in time assure every man and woman in the United States a decent living standard and adequate social security against unemployment and old age under a work week of thirty to twenty hours.

The greatest danger to this vision lies in potential bankruptcy rising out of our gigantic national debt estimated at \$300 billion if the war continues another two years. No solvent nation has ever gone totalitarian.

Let us look at facts: In 1914 our debt was \$1 billion. The First World War raised it to \$22 billion. By 1929 it was reduced to \$17 billion. The depression years of relief and deficit spending raised it to \$45 billion. It is now

well over \$100 billion. When the \$300 billion mark is reached, our national debt will nearly equal our entire national wealth.

National debts can be repudiated, inflated out, or taxed away. Germany, Russia, and Italy, following the last war, took the course of inflation and repudiation, thereby destroying the savings of the middle class. Communism, naziism, and fascism were the direct consequences.

Repudiation or inflation in the United States would destroy our own middle class. Both are cowardly expedients which every government knows spell totalitarianism.

The United States can redeem a \$300 billion debt if it has the moral fibre and integrity to do so. If it does not, fascism or communism are inevitable. What is required is to inspire private initiative, instill public confidence in the integrity of purpose of the Government to redeem the debt over a period of 50 or 100 years, and maintain a national income above the \$100 billion level annually.

In the past ten years, government in the United States—town, state and federal—has taken 25 percent of the national income in taxes. If that rate is applied to a national income of \$100 billion or more in the future, we can service the interest on this huge debt, reduce it annually by \$5 billion, continue all the other proper functions of government and be free of it in 60 to 100 years. The job can be done without too heavy a tax burden.

From 1914 to 1929, a mere 15 years, a free economy in the United States raised the national income from \$38 billion to \$85 billion. Over the next 50 years we can reasonably expect the

national income to approach the \$200 billion figure.

Two principles are vital, however—the return to sound fiscal policy and re-acceptance of the doctrine that only through increased production can there be more to distribute among all the people. The concept that government can spend without regard to the size of the national debt is suicide. If that doctrine be sound, why did Russia and Germany suffer financial bankruptcy, the forerunner of communism and fascism? Redistribution of existing wealth merely reduces all to a pauper level.

By co-operation between labor and management, farmer and consumer, by government encouraging production rather than restricting it, by returning government to its proper function of regulator and umpire, we can be sure that our tremendous savings, resources, and manpower, with individual initiative stimulated by proper incentives, will create a future America greater by far than the dream of our forefathers.

What great obligation today rests upon us the people of these United States! To preserve our great heritage and transmit it, unblemished and secure, to future generations is our responsibility and ours alone. No court, no Congress, no President, nor all of them can or will save our fundamental liberties unless every one of us is eternally watchful and prepared to sacrifice all to retain them.

It is only by keeping freedom alive and vigorous *within* America that we can be sure of winning the war and maintaining that proud, high place America has set for herself—the hope and guide for free men and women throughout the world.

THE NEXT TIME WE SEE PARIS

(Continued from page 9)
care what is in your trunk; I know only that if you say another word to me I am insane! Quick! Take it away. Quick! Quick! And for the love of God don't speak!"

A few afternoons later I had another sample, still well remembered. I'd been to a Tea, polyglot but of high fashion, and probably in all Paris there was no more dressed-up young man than I—silk hat, London frock coat, white waistcoat, striped trousers, spats, pale suede gloves, gold-topped cane, pearl scarf-pin embedded in satin. I walked a block before I could find a public vehicle and then unobservantly stepped into what was surely the most disreputable one in France.

It was of a type now almost completely disappeared, a one-horse open carriage like a Victoria and with the top down so that I, in my fineries, sat fully exhibited; the contrast must have been

striking. The horse was lamentably old, meager and feeble, and so was the tatteredmalion cabman in his dented glazed hat, patched blue coat with some of the brass buttons gone and his stained red waistcoat. The faded upholstery upon which I leaned was torn, exposing the stuffing, and shreds of moth-eaten cloth hung desolately toward the pavement.

As we crossed the Place de la Concorde we passed close to a group of workmen returning from their day's toil, and at sight of us they all brightened up visibly. The foremost of them, as we slowly came abreast of them, halted, bowed low, humbly swept the ground with his cap and in a voice of burlesqued awe saluted me with one magnificent word: "*Monseigneur!*"

Perhaps in most of the Parisian humor that we then knew there was likely to be mockery; but nearly always the fun was for fun's sake only and had the

charm of lacking malice. One evening I sat at an outdoor table of a café on the Boul' Miche and watched a fat old woman close up her sidewalk newspaper stand for the night. The stand was only a small sort of clotheshorse upon which hung the papers; she folded the whole thing up, carried it under one arm, and under the other tucked the folding camp-stool upon which she'd sat. As she waddled away, enormous, grossly triple-chinned, bushy-browed and plainly ill-tempered, she was seized by a fit of sneezings, coughings, chokings and snortings, all so sonorous that she had the attention of everybody in sight. One of the passers-by, a shabby man with a large wet moustache and a bulbous nose, immediately turned back and knelt on the sidewalk before her, extended his right arm and offered her an unbelievably dirty handkerchief.

"Madame! Madame!" he said. "I beg to assist you with my own scented

mouchoir of the finest cambric. Do me the great honor to employ it to blow your—"

Furiously, she struck at him with her camp-stool, and the exertion increased the explosiveness of her sneezings and chokings. He ducked backward, leaped up, retired ten feet, knelt again, and again proffered the handkerchief.

"Dear Grandmother of my soul!" he begged. "Do not excite yourself. Be calm! Tranquillity is a treasure. I offer my handkerchief in amity; yes, for love alone. Accept it; let it help you. I entreat—"

She advanced upon him, swinging at him with her camp-stool, and he, evading, again retreated, only to fall once more upon his knees and beseech her to use his unspeakable handkerchief. This time as she waddlingly charged upon him, the flailing camp-stool missed his nose by less than an inch; he sprang up, kissed his hand to her ardently, ran down the Boul' Miche and disappeared in the pedestrian crowd.

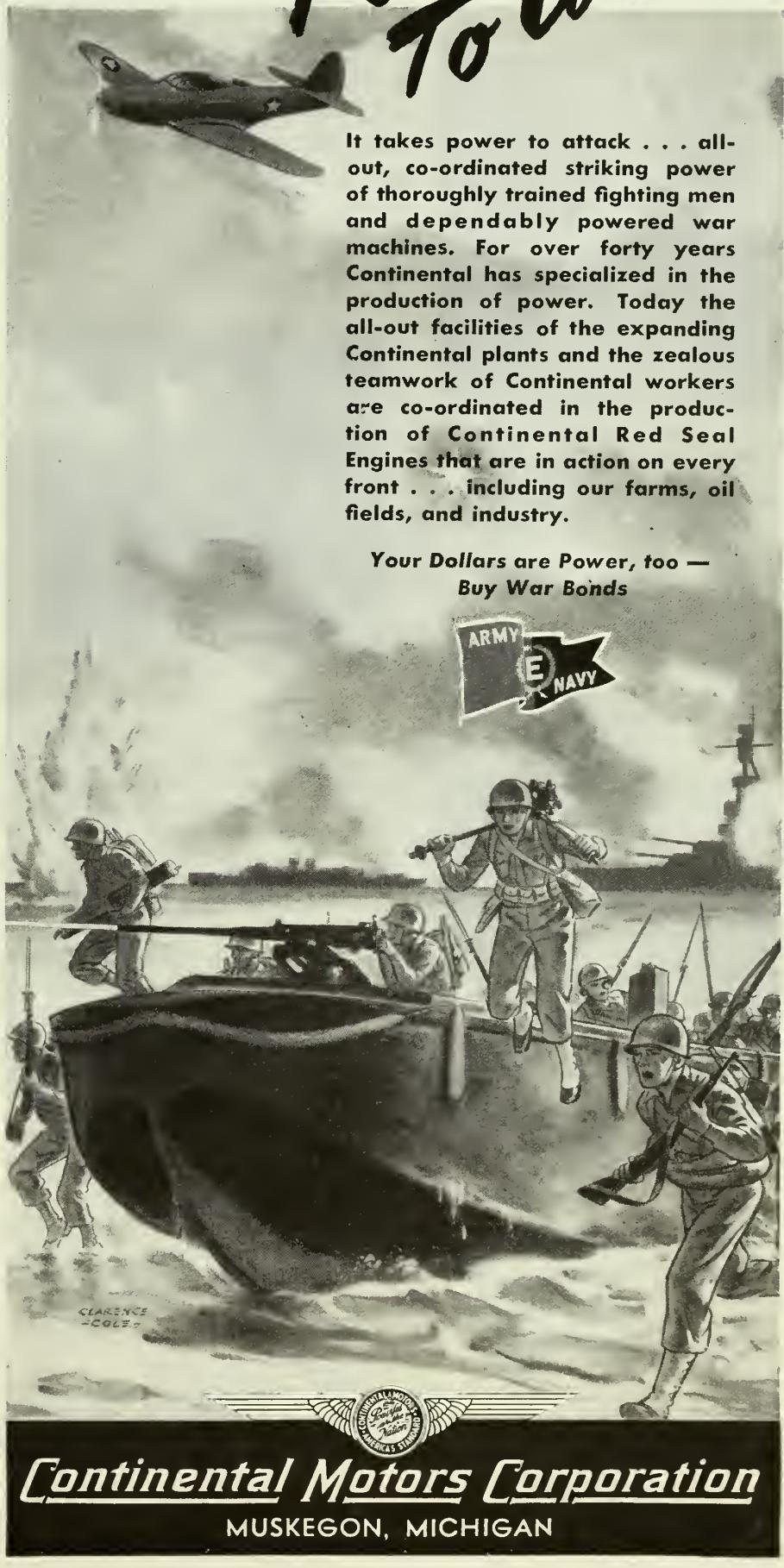
Out of sheer altruism he had made his little comedy for the entertainment of café patrons who have never set eyes upon him again. He was that sort of man, one delighting to exert himself for an audience of strangers and deriving a profound inner satisfaction from his thought that perhaps he had a little brightened for them a passing moment.

We who "settled down" in Paris from time to time, for longer or shorter intervals, collected such vignettes by the dozen; they seemed to be the spicy seasoning that made the exterior life of the city so gayly fascinating that one could watch it hour after hour and never tire. So did the Parisians themselves watch their own manifestations, hoping always, I thought, that they could somewhere find a joke in almost anything—even when the thing was grim.

Once from a balcony of an apartment I had close by the Luxembourg I watched a Parisian mob. This was a tremendous riot and the newspapers said that two hundred thousand people took part in it. I didn't count them; but I thought there must be at least that many in the streets leading to the Panthéon, as Zola's body was borne by to his great catafalque there. Within easy sight of my balcony was a police station whither gendarmes, agents de ville and plainclothes men conducted a steady stream of rioters—people in contortions of passion screeching "Conspuez Zola!" or "Conspuez l'armée!"

I descended, mixed with the crowds and discovered that of the two hundred thousand people supposedly rioting, at least one hundred and ninety-nine thousand were present in order to laugh. Perhaps about a thousand were making all the trouble; but the instant that one of these uttered the word "Conspuez!" loudly enough to be heard by a policeman he was arrested and hustled

Power To Win



Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



The Chairman Comments on Some Candid Questions About Your Red Cross...



1. Yes, the sums that we ask of the public are large in spite of the fact that 95% of the labor involved is volunteered. But the necessities of world relief and our Congressionally authorized obligations to the Armed Services justify every dollar of expense.

Over forty million dollars spent since last January for services to the Army and Navy, increasing as the armed forces increase, and the war fronts multiply. And the increase is just as rapid in the requirements of Foreign Relief and Home Service.



4. All the questions that you can think of about Red Cross get answered very quickly when you're in the work itself. You commence to realize what a tremendous army of good will the Red Cross is and what a big part it is playing in making this poor old world a little better place to live in.

There are many ways for you to help. Your chapter welcomes volunteers.

At the head of the greatest humanitarian organization that the world has ever seen is Norman Davis, lawyer, industrialist and statesman. Appointed by the President of the United States to meet the tremendous problems of world-wide war relief, he works with quiet energy to raise and spend the millions that the public gives each year.



2. Perhaps it's your fault if you haven't "seen the figures." We publish them as fast as the War Department auditors can give them to us, and if you haven't happened to see them as published, your local Chapter has them for your inspection.



3. No, it's not a complex or top-heavy organization. In Washington, eighteen of us through the Central Committee are the plan board. The Chairman, and five representatives of Government Departments are appointed by The President. The others are elected and Chapters have full representation. The Central Committee creates policies and plans the adoption and operation of which is entirely in the hands of the Chapters. There is every safeguard to keep the Red Cross democratic.

—A Peoples' Partnership—

So many of us are in it, all over the country in little towns and big cities.

Business men working shoulder-to-shoulder on Chapter operations.

Housewives taking hours from home in the production rooms. Women who volunteer for Nurse's Aide or Motor Corps or Canteen Work.

And a reserve coming up of millions of school children in the Junior Red Cross.

And that is just the home front. Out over the world stretches the "big business" of administering Red Cross relief. It is still the people's business, made possible with their money, and their good will. A business of warehousing,

truckling, car-loading and shipping. Of tons and tons of food and clothing and medical supplies, and of personnel and organization to get it all to where it is needed in time to be of the greatest good.

"Big business" in the best meaning of the term and it is such business and the man power that goes with it that has nearly absorbed the millions that you gave to the Red Cross War Fund a year ago—every penny of it went to the needs of war.

And now another War Fund must be collected. The President of the United States has designated March as the Red Cross month. Your Chapter needs your help.

Your Dollars help

make possible the

AMERICAN  RED CROSS

This space contributed by the Publisher

away to the high delight of onlookers admirably and almost unanimously impartial.

However, a multitudinous agitation was presently observable about the great building of the Panthéon where there had just been an attempt to assassinate the historic Dreyfus as he stood beside the catafalque of Zola! In the midst of the ceremonies he'd been shot by a retired Colonel, and a heavily guarded ambulance galloped him away to a hospital. Were the hundred and ninety-nine thousand sobered? They were not. The retired Colonel had shot Dreyfus on the wrist with a wax bullet, causing a slight burn. The retired Colonel explained that he did it as a gesture. Laughter shook that whole quarter of the city.

We who saw and heard this mob began to understand better what proportion of the populace made the French Revolution and also to comprehend why the Parisians cheered the Czar Alexander when he entered the city as Napoleon fell in 1814. They knew that Alexander brought them peace. These people sometimes produce a violent disturber, though more often such a person has foisted himself upon them; but characteristically they are amiable, not bloody. This is true in spite of the fact that Paris has been a place where French have slain French, and we recall Victor Hugo's word upon Ney in the last moments of Waterloo, how the hero shouted, "Come and see how a Marshal of France dies on the field of battle!" He didn't die there but was imprisoned in the Luxembourg and led out to a firing squad. "Unhappy man! Thou wast reserved for French bullets!"

To-day in this year of culminations, 1943, we hope fervently that no French are reserved for French bullets and that

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

if Paris must see any harsh revenges at all these will be done upon the enemy.

The citizens will not recover instantly from the pressure of Teutonic rule. Gay-heartedness cannot be expected as customary immediately after the first joy of liberation has subsided. When the celebration's over we shall look for a time upon a saddened city. Here was the "shopping center" of the world, especially for women, and what will the Germans leave in the shops? Unhappy thought, what will the Germans leave in the hearts of their former captives?

The departed Nazis, and perhaps subsequent political ulcers, will long leave scars; but scars are the signs of wounds that after all have healed. Neither Hitler nor internal politics will have been fatal to Paris or to the Parisians. Time in a conquered city seems endless; but Paris has never stayed conquered. The Axis creaks—sounds preliminary to a vast cracking—and all that is best and (praise God!) strongest in this world has sworn that the captive's chains shall be broken. The hour of freedom is almost at hand; the day of glory shall arrive!

"*Soldier of Service*"

"The Voice with the Smile" has always been a part of the telephone business and we want to keep it that way.

Even under the stress of war, the men and women of the Bell System are as anxious as ever to see that you get friendly, courteous service. And they are anxious, too, to give the fastest possible service—especially to those who need speed to help win the war.

You can help them by not using Long Distance to war-busy centers unless it is absolutely necessary. For all your patience and understanding so far, many thanks.



**WAR CALLS
COME FIRST**



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

DOUBLE DANGER TO FALSE TEETH IN BRUSHING

WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

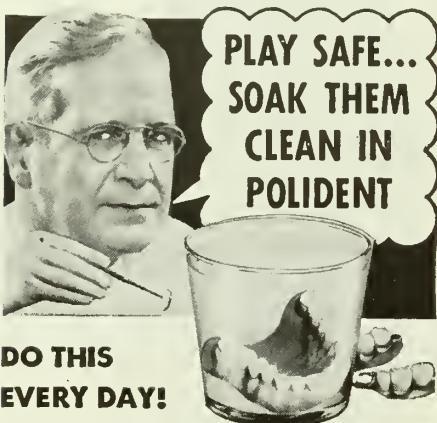


1 BREAKING

The more you handle your dental plate while brushing it, the greater the danger of dropping and breaking it. Millions of experienced denture wearers have changed from dangerous, old-fashioned brushing methods to the modern way of soaking the plate in Polident.

2 WEARING DOWN

Toothpastes, toothpowders, soap and household cleaners are only "makeshifts" when it comes to cleaning dental plates—which are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with "makeshifts" may scratch and wear down dental plates. Also, these scratches cause stains to collect faster, cling tighter.



DO THIS EVERY DAY!

Put one level teaspoonful of POLIDENT in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of lukewarm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in solution for 15 min. or longer—overnight if convenient. Rinse well—and use.

PREVENTS "DENTURE BREATH"

You won't know you have it—but others will! POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet.

Daily use of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of your denture. Polident is recommended by many leading dentists. Approved by leading mfrs. of denture materials.

LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢, Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. At all drug, department, variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures.

POLIDENT

The Safe, Modern Way
to Clean Plates and Bridges

SOLDIER'S No. 1 PAL

(Continued from page 7)

the right to assistance. An elderly aunt may be a more deserving recipient of aid in one case than is a soldier's mother in another. A soldier may worry about a married daughter who is in need even though the primary burden of supporting her rests upon her husband. Each case rests upon its own facts, and each deserving applicant should receive assistance if either dependency or intimate family relationship is established."

I hereby give the General a citation for decency, and special ribbon for this: "Many cases will be encountered in which soldiers are estranged, separated, or divorced from their wives. Such persons, if deserving, should receive assistance regardless of the wishes of the soldier. Many factors such as ability to be self-supporting, alimony limitations, and remarriage, will affect the amount of assistance to be extended to such persons. . . . A woman with whom the soldier has lived and who has been treated by him as a wife is entitled to assistance although no marriage ceremony has been performed or even

if it cannot be performed because of an undissolved prior marriage. A woman in the position of a common-law wife may be aided even though the State where the dependent resides does not recognize common-law marriages. Illegitimate children are entitled to assistance if (a) recognized by the soldier as such, or (b) paternity can otherwise be established."

As I recall the travel orders that I received in 1917 and 1918, No. 2 said: "The travel directed is necessary in the military service." I asked a traveling soldier the other day whether that still prevailed. "Nope," he said, "Everything is abbreviated. It's now 'T.N.M.'"

And in the AER, the red tape is not merely abbreviated. It just ain't there at all. The Army Emergency Relief is founded on common sense, one of whose principles is that emotion is a sounder guide than reason.

Why enlarge on it here? Ask, and it shall be given. That's all there is to it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Applicants for Army Emergency Relief services should apply at the Army Camp nearest their home.

FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST

(Continued from page 13)

runs, from each one rolled a jeep under its own power, rapidly followed by armed men. The tug ships disgorged more supplies, picked up their empty trailers and were gone as suddenly as they had appeared.

Fourth and final phase was the evacuation of casualties—stretcher cases and walking patients alike—and, ultimately, the complete evacuation of remaining personnel and equipment.

Three main problems were carried out. Each time the execution showed marked improvement. It was a new, rugged assignment—a potentially powerful threat to the enemy and utterly consuming in the interest it held. The participants in this drama of warfare-to-be little dreamed that within a fortnight of the conclusion of their maneuvers, the lessons learned so well in the mesquite of Texas were to be applied by partners in arms in grim actuality on the sands of Africa.

The box score of the Texas exercises is something with which to reckon. In terms of actual flying, only seven days were consumed during the three problems. Yet these time-tried and proved airline-type planes made 1,100 round trips from departure fields to objective airports. In the process they sped more than 337,000 miles—a distance equal to almost 14 laps around the earth at the Equator. Upward of 14,000 men

were transported as well as some 1,400 tons of supplies, equipment and ammunition.

It was a long, tough grind. Loadings and take-offs were scheduled far in advance of sun-up. The day's work of flying did not end until long after sundown. Load, take-off, fly more than 100 miles at almost tree-level; unload, take-off, fly back—the dizzy, squirrel-cage pattern was repeated day in and day out. Men and machines were taxed to the limit. Both stood up incredibly well.

The stamina of the young pilots who did the job commands respect. Flying was carried on under varying weather conditions, including winds up to 35 and 40 miles per hour, at low altitudes over rough terrain, and frequently in darkness. Yet not a pound of equipment was lost, not a man was injured!

Luck played a part, admittedly. But the coolness of the pilots and the sturdiness of the big "tin geese" they flew was demonstrated time after time. There is the case, for instance, of the ship with a badly damaged wing. Dawn had not broken when the pilot radioed: "Forced landing" and set down his heavily laden craft in a strange field.

Again, there was the airplane which got out of control when caught in a cross wind on a take-off. The pilot did a sweet job of skidding it across a couple of ditches, through a shack and stopping it upright three-quarters of a

mile from the field. Pilot, co-pilot, crewmen and airborne troops immediately requested another ship. When it was produced they flew off as though nothing had happened. They made their objective, too, even if they were a little off schedule.

Yes, there were close calls. Nobody can make 1,100 round trips without a few uncomfortable minutes. But not a soul was hurt; and therein is a flying story for the history book.

UNDER the leadership of Brigadier General Fred S. Borum, the First Troop Carrier Command—charged with the responsibility of transporting by air fighting men and their weapons and supplies in the theaters of operations—quietly has gone about its business of training units and making them available to overseas commanders. Basically, the Command is composed of a command headquarters and headquarters squadron; wings, normally containing four groups; and squadrons, approximately four to each group.

The chain of command is from Command to Wing to Group to Squadron. In addition, each base assigned to the Troop Carrier Command is operated by a base headquarters and headquarters squadron, which are part of the Troop Carrier Command so long as the airfields operated are used by the Com-

mand. At the present time, airfields in this country operated by the Troop Carriers are situated in ten States: Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina and Texas.



"I hit the jackpot!"

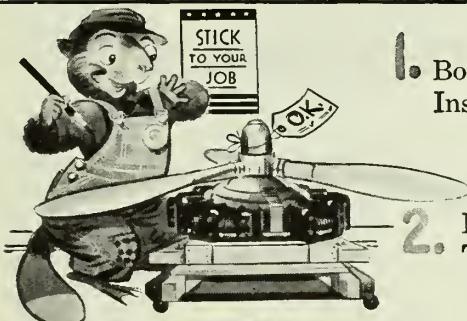
The First Troop Carrier Command has its headquarters at Stout Field, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Commanding General is advised by his General Staff—A-1 Personnel, A-2 Intelligence, A-3 Operations and Training, A-4 Supply—and by his Special Staff: Chemical Officer, Communications Officer, Ordnance

Officer, Weather Officer, Chaplain, Medical Officer, Adjutant General, Staff Judge Advocate, Inspector General, Finance Officer, Fiscal Officer, Special Services Officer, Quartermaster, Engineering Officer, Signal Officer. Each Wing commander has a general staff similar to the Command Staff and a more limited special staff.

Each of the group commanders likewise has a staff similar to a Wing Staff except that the special staff is limited to Chaplain, Medical, Communications, and Transportation. Each Squadron Commander has a small staff.

Squadrons are the basic tactical units. On their rosters are to be found the pilots, ground officers, and especially trained enlisted men required by combat units. To each tactical squadron are assigned thirteen Douglas D-3 type aircraft, very similar to the large twin engine ships employed on commercial airlines in the United States. Two types are used by the Troop Carrier Command, designated by the Army as C-47 aircraft and C-53 aircraft. Structural differences between them are slight, although the C-47 is designed to haul both troops and equipment whereas the C-53 is intended for the transportation of troops only. In addition to the aircraft, 39 gliders for the transport of both troops and equipment, are standard for the squadrons.

Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Bob Beaver works for Victory
Installing plane ignitions . . .

2. Bess Beaver saves up kitchen fat
To help make war munitions.

3. So Bob and Bess together
Are a timely illustration
Of a Happy Blend of virtues—
• Yes, a matchless combination!

BE WISE!

Clear Heads Choose

Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



4. And the same is true of CALVERT—
It's a Happy Blending too, sir.
A blend of noble whiskey traits
Perfected just for you, sir!



Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

YOURS FOR TASTE SATISFACTION



Enjoy Life with
Miller
HIGH LIFE
DRAFT BEER

THE SAME CONSISTENT
HIGH LIFE QUALITY



MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

(Continued from page 1)

instance, when a Greek wanted, say, some razor blades, he'd go to the British steward who looked after the "slop chest" and make signs. On another occasion, in an Icelandic fjord, a Brazilian was with the solitary Finn on a raft insecurely fastened to the side of the vessel during painting operations. Neither knew a word of the other's language. One of the sudden and violent windy storms typical of the area came up and the raft started to drift away from the ship. The chief officer chanced to see what was happening. Knowing neither Brazilian nor Finnish, he gesticulated and bellowed at them in Norwegian-English. The dismay and wonder passed from their faces almost immediately for they, too, realized what was amiss and between the three nationalities the difficulty was soon overcome . . . but not without its thrilling moments . . . and the overcoming of difficulties seems almost miraculous among such extremely cosmopolitan crowds as are found on these vessels.

Perhaps the greatest tragedies go on in the minds of those on lonely watch in the still, small hours. Going up on the bridge and into the chart room at 3 A.M. I often surprised a faraway look in the second mate's eyes, would see a tightening of the throat muscles, and I knew he was thinking of his home that had been, wondering if his family had fallen prey to the Nazis or had been killed. All of those who come from

occupied countries wonder about those they left behind . . . wonder if death, carnage, rape, homelessness or what it may be that Fate has dealt them. Yet courageously these men carry on, but there must be deep-rooted hate against the aggressor nations in the hearts of most of them. Occasionally word seeps through kindly Red Cross channels and a deep content pervades the recipient of good news—though it may be six months old for it takes time to get any message through—and soon again there is the unspoken question in their eyes.

Men under such tension are apt to be jumpy, irrespective of their nationality, and with the various groups confined in a small space for days or weeks on end anything can happen. National customs are strongly implanted in us and once in a while there is a flare up—but it's all in the day's work. No matter what the dangers, and they are very real, there is an esprit de corps among them all that typifies the same spirit that knits your own American Legionnaires together into one whole body, with one purpose in view. U-boats, dive-bombing, mines, the hazards of the sea, or personal grievances all give place to the effort of the United Nations . . . the cargoes must go through. Such is the personal courage and tenacity of most of these men of the United Nations who go down to the sea in ships that the Cause is bigger than themselves, bigger than anything else. We must win. We will win.

CONVOYS OF COURAGE

(Continued from page 19)

A veteran of the First World War told me how he took another crack at the Germans in this war:

If any living man can tell you about bombings at sea it is Carl Kirstein, 53, of Billings, Montana. During a run to Archangel his ship was pounded under 192 concentrated bombings in less than eight days. That attack began in typical fashion.

First, a big observation plane spotted the convoy. Some of the boys call those planes "vultures," because when they once find a convoy they never leave it. Out of firing range, the plane hovers overhead, counting the number of ships and sending locations back to bases. And when the bombing is over the big "vulture" is still there to count the toll.

"We were about 175 miles off the coast of Norway," Kirstein said. "The 'vulture' appeared about 8 A.M., and exactly 50 minutes later all hell broke loose. German planes came in."

Kirstein, a weather-beaten carpenter's mate, jumped on the giving-end of a

.50-caliber machinegun. A moment later he knew the thrill of knocking a Nazi plane out of the sky.

"The Hun started giving off smoke," he said, "and then it went flaming over our ship into the drink. But before it crashed the pilot had dropped an egg near my gun position."

Blown by the concussion, Kirstein regained consciousness 60 feet away, where he was jammed under a lifeboat. Limping back to his gun position, he managed to bag four more Nazi planes in the next 48 hours.

He had little love for the Germans in the last war, and this is how much he loves them now:

"The Huns are lousy — — —!" he told your reporter, who has seen only Japs. "A ship near ours sank. About 20 of her crew huddled in a lifeboat waiting for a rescue ship to come along. I saw a Messerschmitt, its guns blasting away, come in low and mow down all 20 of those helpless seamen. And I saw the same thing happen to many other lifeboats and rafts."

The Germans and Japs must have gone to the same school, I told Kirstein. The Nips in the Pacific area are famous for machinegunning American flyers while they are parachuting from a plane.

Anyway, Kirstein's ship finally made Archangel. It was laid up there for about three months. During that period, he said, they were bombed 422 times.

The ex-doughboy said that he had not slept a wink since the night before that first bombing off Norway.

"But as soon as I get over this bad case of 'shakes' I'm going back again," he declared.

THEN there is a 22-year-old kid from Beaumont, Texas, named Sam Beard. On his first convoy, an Italian sub sank his ship in the South Atlantic, a few hundred miles off Dakar.

Beard found himself, eventually, in a lifeboat with 19 other surviving shipmates. They had little food, and only four ounces of water between them. In three days they were too weak to row. So they simply sailed, and guessed directions in the bad weather.

The morning of their twenty-second day afloat, a German sub suddenly surfaced behind the boat.

"The dirty so-and-so's trained a deck gun on us," Beard related. They came alongside, and the sub captain shouted 'Attention!'

"We tried to stand up and obey. But we were too weak. Most of us fell down. Evidently the Germans took pity on us, because they tossed us some food



and water, and the captain gave us a course for land. The next day—the twenty-third—we were picked up by a British ship."

SURE, there are as many stories as there are service men and merchant seamen and war nurses. Some day, if you are lucky and have a couple of grandkids, you'll tell them all about the heroes you knew in 1943.

And one man you'll never forget lies on his back in a Navy hospital at San Diego, probably a cripple for life.

His name is Jens Lauritz. The 55-year-old engineer was wounded twice in the First World War, and those wounds indirectly caused his present condition.

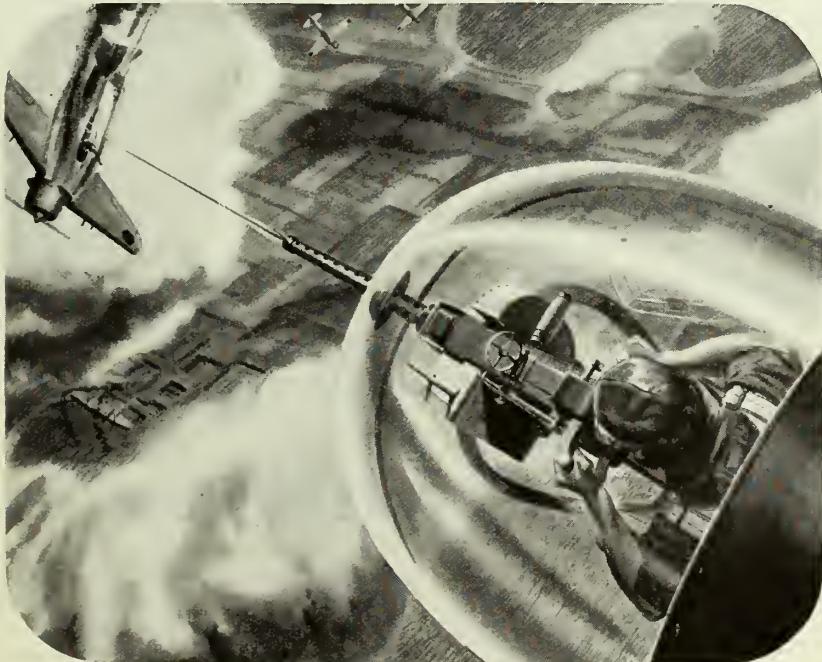
Lauritz's story is the same pattern, only the locale was changed: A German torpedo blasted his ship during the run to Murmansk. Lauritz volunteered to stay below in the fireroom—to keep the vessel belching heavy smoke to make the Nazis think she was afire.

While his shipmates stood off from the ship in lifeboats, Lauritz successfully worked his ruse two times. But finally another torpedo crashed into the side. Managing to escape, the World War I veteran was picked up by his mates some time later.

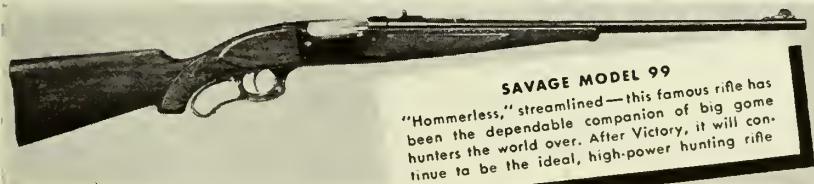
The freezing climate aggravated the leg wounds he had received in the last war. Since the torpedoing Lauritz has been in hospitals in Russia, England and now he is in California, probably never to get well.

Only recently he was presented with a Victory Medal by Rear Admiral John W. Greenslade, commandant of the Twelfth Naval District. . . .

So that's the way it goes, mate. And very soon, now, you'll be going out on another convoy. You've become restless the few weeks you've been back in the States. If you come back from the next jaunt maybe you'll have some more stories to tell. You can bet on that!



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Different from others, Panates offers you Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil, Vitamin E supplement. Panates works internally. Color is literally fed into hair roots in nature's own way. Test for yourself on this SPECIAL

THE LEGION'S BUDGET FOR 1943

IN COMPLIANCE with Convention action, the National Finance Committee hereby publishes the budget for the National Organization of The Amer-

ican Legion for the year 1943, as presented to and adopted by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1942, meeting:

REVENUE

General:

Dues @ \$1.00 per member.....	\$1,100,000.00
Dues prior years.....	12,500.00
S. A. L. Dues @ 25¢ per member.....	40,000.00
S. A. L. Dues prior years.....	226,620.00
Emblem Division.....	30,000.00
Advertising Sales.....	4,000.00
Reserve Fund Earnings.....	5,280.00
Purchase Discount.....	2,800.00
Interest Fund.....	
Interest on Washington Building.....	
Interest on Emblem Inventory.....	
Miscellaneous.....	
Total Grand Revenue.....	\$1,421,200.00

Restricted:

Earnings of Endowment Fund Corporation.....	\$ 152,500.00
CONTRIBUTIONS:	
Forty and Eight for Child Welfare.....	20,000.00
Auxiliary for Rehabilitation.....	25,000.00
Eight and Forty for Child Welfare.....	1,000.00
Auxiliary for Child Welfare.....	10,000.00
Total Restricted Revenue.....	\$ 208,500.00
Total Revenue.....	\$1,629,700.00

EXPENSE

Expense Payable from Regular Revenue:

Administration.....	\$ 138,309.93
Americanism.....	50,043.98
Legislative.....	21,612.22
Publicity.....	30,181.04
Finance.....	24,266.78
Executive.....	122,600.00
Defense.....	44,073.53
PUBLICATIONS:	
American Legion Magazine.....	774,289.56
National Legionnaire.....	109,188.53
Rehabilitation and Child Welfare.....	39,224.00
Total Expenditures from General Funds.....	\$1,353,789.57

Expense Payable from Restricted Revenue:

Rehabilitation.....	\$ 144,028.37
Child Welfare.....	103,695.63
Less: Excess over Restricted Funds.....	
	\$ 247,724.00
	39,224.00
Total Expenditures.....	\$1,562,289.57
Reserve against Membership.....	67,410.43
	\$1,629,700.00

NATIONAL FINANCE COMMITTEE

SAM W. REYNOLDS, Nebraska, *Chairman*
EDGAR B. DUNLAP, Georgia
JOHN LEWIS SMITH, District of Columbia

THE SUBSTITUTE BUGLER

(Continued from page 5)

back to his present situation. The next calls to be blown would be First Call for Reveille, Reveille and Assembly. He hummed and tried to recall them but without success. If he only had one more day to practice back there in the ravine at the edge of the reservation. He sighed. A few minutes later he arose, secured permission from the Corporal-of-the-Guard and went up the company street to his tent, returning almost immediately. His shirt front bulged with his flashlight and a soldier's hand-book in which he had noticed the notes of all bugle calls.

He lay down to a fretful sleep dominated by a nightmarish dream in which First Sergeant Black, the Company Commander and what appeared to be Stokowski and his entire Philharmonic Orchestra chased him the length and breadth of the camp. He was being rapidly overtaken when a member of the Guard shook him to inform him that it was time to blow First Call for Reveille. He added a gruff reminder that it better be good and a wisecracking remark about Call-to-Quarters and Taps as blown the previous night. Benner rose and stumbled out into the darkness and hurried in the direction of the large metal megaphone,

mounted directly in front of the Division Commander's tent. If he could get through these calls well and put in some practice, he might get the Top Kick to change his decision about the demotion and K. P. detail.

At the initial note of First Call, Sergeant Black awakened, sat up in his bunk and reached for a cigarette. He expected the worst from that bugler, and a smoke might help calm his nerves. To his surprise the call was blown beautifully. "Well I'll be damned," he muttered and rose to dress. The remaining two calls for Reveille were marvelously clear and loud, without a wrong note being sounded in either of them. Better than any bugler we've ever had, thought Black as he commanded, "Fall in" at the last note of Assembly.

With roll-call completed and his report made to the company Officer-of-the-Day, the First Sergeant sought out Corporal Swope. "Forget what I said about Benner," he told him, "leave those stripes on him, call off that K. P. detail and look up what technician rating for increased pay can be given to a bugler. *That guy's good!*"

WHEN the little bugler reached the megaphone he was shaking like the dry leaves on the nearby trees, stirring in the cool winter breeze sweeping the Southern camp. The deep blackness of early morning at this time of the year, added to his apprehension—he hadn't been able to remember even the start of First Call. He was using his flashlight now and he felt reassuringly for his book in which he would find the printed notes of the calls. He withdrew it from his shirt front. Now would be the test of his plan. He pushed the catch on his flashlight for a continuous light and secured it in his left sleeve. Opening the book to the page of bugle calls, he adjusted it in his left hand so that it was illuminated by the light. All seemed to be going well. Although his hand felt cramped and awkward he was determined to hold on until he completed the call. He was still trembling, however, and as he placed the bugle in the megaphone with his right hand, the book and flashlight slipped from his left and fell on the concrete base of the megaphone support. The crash and tinkle of glass told its own story—when he recovered the light he found it useless. Tears welled in his eyes and he suppressed what was almost a sob.

At that moment he was aware of someone standing beside him and a deep but kindly voice said, "Let me have that trumpet, lad." A strong hand relieved him of the bugle at the same time.

Without hesitation the stranger sounded and repeated First Call. After the appropriate interval, the remaining calls for Reveille were blown perfectly. Benner's reaction to the excellence of the calls was the same as Sergeant



For Health— AVOID HARSH LAXATIVES

LEMON and WATER IS GOOD FOR YOU!

Taken first thing on arising, it has a mild laxative effect sufficient for most people. And it's healthful—aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance.

Why not take this simple, natural health drink—lemon and water—in place of the usual laxatives?

Most people find that the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—gently.

Lemons Build Health!

And lemon and water is good for you. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection.



Keep regular the Healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

"Today at the Duncans"—CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

Black's. *The guy was certainly good.*

At the conclusion of Assembly, Benner's benefactor returned the bugle to him and departed without further remark. As he did so the bugler received the impression that the stranger was not in uniform but in a sort of bathrobe, but he could not be sure in the total darkness. Anyway, this was too fantastic to assume and he was too relieved to dwell on the matter. It was probably some bugler from another outfit sneaking back to camp from an overstayed pass who didn't want to be identified. Well, he sure had saved the day, and maybe the future, thought Benner, and returned to the guard tent.

* * * *

MAJOR GENERAL McDARL, the division commander, in heavy brown dressing gown, shaving at the rear of his tent, chuckled to himself. "Not bad, not bad," he said, half aloud. "I'm sorry Teddy Roosevelt and Leonard Wood aren't alive to hear of this. The kid bugler of the Riders they were always threatening to send home for being under-age. Ha!" He grimaced and rubbed a little shaving cream on his sore lips. "But boy, oh boy," he ejaculated, "it's lucky for me that I've been teaching that kid grandson of mine to be trumpeter for the Boy Scouts! I never could have helped that bugler out of his dilemma without some recent practice. I'd have been worse than he was last night!"

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It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

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This "Swiss" Weather House, made in the U.S.A., PREDICTS THE WEATHER IN ADVANCE. Guaranteed to work. When the witch comes out watch for bad weather, girl and boy indicate nice weather. Act with amazing accuracy. Has thermometer on front. Shipped complete ready to use. **SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman \$1.49 plus postage. Money back guarantee. Don't wait—Write today to **WEATHER MAN**, Dept. LE, 29 E. Madison, Chicago.

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Write for free Booklet "FOOT FACTS"

HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 63 Lewis Bldg., Salem, Virginia

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FREE BOOK — Gives Facts On Associated Ailments

A new, illustrated 40-page book on Fistula, Rectal Abscess, Piles and other rectal and colon disorders is now FREE to all sufferers. It explains the dangers of delay as well as corrective treatment for these ailments and associated conditions. Write today—a card will do—to Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 387, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued from page 30)
improvising native dishes such as spiced pork or casserole shrimp.

Rice is a mainstay of the Filipino diet. Since it isn't too popular with the rest of the army, Filipino mess sergeants spend a good deal of their time trading potatoes and spaghetti for rice. The Filipinos boast that theirs is the best mess in the army. It's quite possible they're right. The former personal chefs of Henry Ford, Leopold Stokowski, General George Marshall and Mae West are among the men now turning out meals for the Pinoys.

THE First Filipino Infantry on Christmas day asked Colonel Offley for a speech.

"Haven't anything to say for myself," he replied, "but here is a Christmas

greeting for all of you, from Captain Jesus Villamor."

Captain Villamor is the great Filipino hero of this war. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery in the skies over the Philippines, and he is now fighting with MacArthur in the southwest Pacific. The mention of his name brought a cheer.

The colonel held the card high over his head, and the men in the front row read it aloud. The four words of the greeting swept back across the rows of bareheaded Filipino troops—gained momentum as it traveled—ended in a triumphal shout:

"See You in Manila!"

That's the slogan of the Filipino infantry regiments now. Men sign their letters with it, greet their friends with it. It is their hope and their pledge.

WE'LL BE BACK

(Continued from page 19)

One of the proudest wearers of Mt. Mayon's insignia is Sergeant Adriano Kimayong. He is a Ifugao, member of the Igorot group whose terraced mountain rice fields are a world's engineering wonder. "Organizer genius," we Pinoys call him, as a recognition of his ability in taking barombados (greenhorns) and teaching them the basic routines of military life. He sparks up his learning process with Igorot war psychology, such as substituting for calisthenics drill the routine of the bayonet itself, to the accompaniment of Ifugayo war chants. Thus he reminds his men that this military business is only the old game of head-hunter, made scientific. He has a staccato dialect humor that keeps his men in stitches. Just five feet two, Sergeant Kimayong ranks big as a morale builder in the First Filipino Infantry.

Sergeant Kimayong's gift for soldier-making showed itself best to the officers of the regiment when his rifle squad, patiently coached during many off-duty hours, competed with the best riflemen of the white regiment stationed at Fort Ord, and won. Since then he has been transferred from company to company, doing groundwork in soldier-making. He believes the spirit of the First Filipino Infantry is well summed up in the words of Aurelio Bulosan: "In the eyes of America I am at last a Man. Not a house-boy, or a sub-citizen. It's sweet. Good enough to die for, if necessary."

Kimayong shared the laughter of

Company I at the cooks, who either didn't know or had forgotten that Colonel Offley has a school in Tagalog for the officers. Captain Lennon is the "Inspectingest" man alive, and the company knows this, all right. Even the cooks know it now. When Captain Lennon took his papers and other book work to the kitchen, got a chair and a table and spent the day there, the cooks expressed themselves in dialect about the character of a man who would make such a nuisance of himself. Captain Lennon let them go on awhile, then agreed with them in the dialect! However, Company I's record for efficiency, cleanliness and health tops the regiment, so everybody agrees that Captain Lennon deserves a special dish of rice.

As the training of the regiment progresses, Sergeant Kimayong shares the satisfaction of all of us in our increasing knowledge and efficiency in the arts of modern war, in implementing our vengeance against the brutal invaders of our country. As we parade, the dusty hills of California melt from our sight. We see again the hills of Luzon, the green-bright forested slopes of the Cordillera—the mountains of Ifugao-land. We see too the city of Manila, the new Manila. We see marching men, Mt. Mayon's men, triumphant, celebrating that new day of victorious liberty. Marching men, parading through the land they will have won back through courage and disciplined strength.

Yes, we'll be back.

GREYHOUND LINES have some 10,000 copies of a folder which shows the insignia of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, together with the various decorations which Uncle Sam awards, plus a display of the flags of all the United Nations, and information about their population, capitals and areas, with the date of their entry into the war. While they last you can get one of these by writing Greyhound Information Bureau, 1505 N.B.C. Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

WRITES Comrade M. G. Wilson of the Spokane (Washington) Post: "I thought that story entitled *That's My Flag* by James O'Shaughnessy (January, 1943, issue) was very sweet. It recalls some incidents in my life while on that great adventure answering the Call of Lafayette. My outfit of hard-boiled volunteer West Coast construction and railroad men, Colonel Cavanaugh's 18th Engineers (Railway) aboard the good old *Saxonia* encircled the large harbor at Halifax. At a schoolhouse up on a hill we could see them waving a large American flag. Then as our convoy passed a little three-master, the *Dennis H. Murphy* of Mobile, she dipped her colors and it was a wonderful sight. While we were digging and shoveling and sweating down at Bassens along came the *Dennis H. Murphy* up the Garonne River, and did we blow whistles, yell, cheer and dip our colors to that brave little ship and her skipper.

"And when I spent a whole day trying to buy an American flag in Southern France for the good tug *Yvette* which we were to use at Bassens, I didn't crab when what they charged took my last buck to get a miniature Stars and Stripes. . . . And when a French lady, who married one of my buddies, told me with tears in her eyes what 'my flag' means to her own people and other Europeans it makes me stiffen up and square my shoulders, and very proudly say to myself, 'Chin up, soldier-Legionnaire. Remember our motto, 'For God and Country' we serve. Dig in and work harder. Buy bonds, remember 'That's My Flag!'"

HERE is an inspiring letter from Legionnaire Herbert Low, a member of Baisley Park Post in Queens, Long Island, New York. Comrade Low, as will be seen, was at the time undergoing treatment in one hospital, while his wife was in another. The letter: "My son is a Marine and a member of the Sons of The American Legion. He was on Guadalcanal from August 7th of last year, but probably was relieved around the end of the year. When we heard from him, though, he was still there. He wanted me to know that the Legion and C. M. T. C. training he got helped him a great deal in his basic training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and afterward. I myself can't get to a meeting because I'm in the Hospital for Ruptured and Crippled in New York; my wife is in Jamaica Hospital. The boy said: 'The C. M. T. C. sure taught me a lot. The needles I did not mind at all, when I got to Parris Island. I was made drill

instructor right away, and the hikes and standing at attention so long came easy to me. I have six bars—expert rifleman, sharpshooter, pistol, bayonet, hand grenade, and an extra one for being 1st gunner on 37 mm. anti-aircraft. They never had a bar for that before. I sure

can thank The American Legion for what they did for me, as it comes back to me many times while I am resting in these foxholes on Guadalcanal. Plenty of action and lots of stories to tell you, and we will win this war."

THE EDITORS

How to get into Aviation—Now

by C. S. (Casey) Jones

NO. 4 in a series of advertisements describing the free training and opportunities now available in aviation. Addressed to the thousands of men and women who wish to prepare themselves for war service in this key industry.



C. S. JONES

One of the most interesting opportunities in aviation, and which provides immediate employment, is offered by the War Training Program of the Civil Service Commission.

If you are 17 or over, a U. S. Citizen, are physically able

to work, and have two years' high school or equivalent, you may apply for one of the many jobs now open to civilians as employees of the War Department, in aviation.

Under a continuing program, the Civil Service Commission is accepting applications from both men and women who meet above requirements. Men classified 1-A, or persons now employed at their highest skills in defense industries, are not eligible.

Upon passing the aptitude tests, you are given three months' special training in an accredited aeronautics school, and receive pay for this period of \$100 per month. You are assigned to one of five courses: *Aircraft Instruments, Aircraft Electrical Installations, Aircraft Sheet Metal Fabrication, Aircraft Propellers and Hydraulics or Air-*

craft Engines.

After completing the training period successfully, you are employed at a United States Air Depot, at base pay of \$125 per month for 40-hour week, with 50% increased rate for overtime. You are employed by the Department of War, but not in the Army.

After taking up your duties, you will find ample opportunities for advancement and increased pay in your trade, depending upon your experience and abilities.

For further information, write or call at the U. S. Air Depot, Rome, N. Y., or N. Y. State Education Dept., War Training Program, 20 West 44th Street, New York City.

C. S. Jones

President

ACADEMY OF AERONAUTICS, La Guardia Field, New York (Awarded Efficiency Banner of First District Army Air Forces) • CASEY JONES SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS, Newark, N. J.

Engineering and Design courses still open for private enrollment to qualified applicants. Mechanics courses devoted exclusively to military and government contract training.

Training the Key Men of Tomorrow in Aviation

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has been changed since paying your 1943 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. The one mailing list covers both The American Legion Magazine and The National Legionnaire—only one notice required. Also notify your Post of your change for future reference in making out membership cards.

Notice of change should reach us by the 25th of second month preceding date of issue on which it is to take effect. So many thousands are received each month that they must be handled in a methodical manner.

BE SURE TO GIVE ALL INFORMATION LISTED BELOW

NEW ADDRESS

Name (Please Print)

Street Address etc.

City State

1943 Membership Card No.

Post No. State Dept.

OLD ADDRESS

Street Address etc.

City State



"I understand that gentleman with him is his ghost writer."

R. W. Frazier and Past Commander P. C. Carver had charge of the ceremony of burning the old plaster.

The building and grounds, formerly the Oshkosh Yacht Club, were acquired in 1932. The property is located on the shores of Lake Winnebago in a beautiful setting and is large enough to care for all the Post's business and social activities. A screened-in porch overlooks the lake and protected harbor, which is used by yachtsmen as a basin, and in the winter this porch affords a grandstand for the iceboating events. The basement and two floors are used by the Legion Post and its Auxiliary.

Observation Post

QUIETLY and efficiently, 192 men and women of Norristown, Pennsylvania and vicinity are contributing two hours each week as a part of their share toward aiding the United States Army in its vast program.

"This is the volunteer force of the Aircraft Warning Service which mans the observation post sponsored by George N. Althouse Post of the Legion, and they form the most loyal and faithful group of volunteers in the community," writes Legionnaire William S. Robinson, Chief Observer.

"All of the workers report for their two-hour assignment faithfully week in

and week out and take special pride in coming out when the weather is unusually bad."

The observation post, too, is the pride of the corps. A sagging WPA structure has been transformed into a model aircraft spotter's post, neatly finished and painted, with a warm, well-equipped office on the ground floor and an upper deck for the spotters. This deck is surrounded by a solid railing three and one-half feet high which serves as an effective windbreak, with telephone booth, equipped with hot-air register, placed in the center of the observation platform.

All material and equipment were contributed by business men and organizations.

Christmas Rose

JOHNSON-COSTELLO Post of Penn Yan, New York, repeated its annual custom, established several years ago, of presenting a rose on Christmas morning to every patient in the hospital and to every person in the village classed as a "shut-in" by local physicians. In addition, a bouquet of roses was presented to every Gold Star Mother of both World Wars.

To each of the latter, a silk service flag with gold star accompanied the roses.

BOYD B. STUTLER

HARD OF HEARING

HEAR WITH ZENITH RAVOX HEARING AID

Conversation! Music! The world of sound opens due to the amazing sensitivity, maximum amplification at frequencies where your hearing loss occurs, with controls for both volume and frequency. Only Zenith engineering and mass production permit this enormous value. Operates on electric light line, saving dollars in battery cost.

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Your Guarantee

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Miss Elizabeth Kelsey, Ravox Division AL-3-43
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Without obligation send me Ravox catalog and information concerning free home trial.

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PATRIOTIC STAMPS



STICK ON
LETTERS
ENVELOPES
PACKAGES

Five Beautiful Designs, picturing our emotions and Victory spirit of today, including "Our Flag is the American Land of the Free," "God Bless America," "Proud I Am An American," and "Liberty Bell." Postage stamp size.

Service Flag Stamps as pictured — Service Flag Stamps furnished in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 star stamps. Tells all you have one or more dear ones in service. 48 stamps in a book.

For your examination and approval we will send postagepaid S Patriotic Stamp Books and 1 Service Flag Stamp Book, all 6 books, for only 25c, stamps or coin. Money back if not delighted. Low wholesale prices for Organization Fund-Raising purposes and for resale.

WILLENS & COMPANY, Inc.
2130 to 2136 Gladys Av., Chicago

WHEN THE BOYS COME Marching Home

**WE WILL HAVE
OPENINGS FOR MANY**
After the last war, we obtained many of our successful distributors from the ranks of the veterans of 1917. When Victory II is won we expect to have even greater opportunities for many of the boys who are now serving in World War II. Keep our name in mind. You may do some returning soldier a great favor by mentioning it to him. Right now we are busy hitting the Axis with all the Fyr-Fyter Extinguishers we can produce, so there are none available for civilian use. However, when total Victory is won we will have a finer and enlarged line of Fyr-Fyters. If you are looking for an opening of that time, we may also have a distributorship to offer you. Clip this article and save.

THE FYR-FYTER CO.
Dept. 9
DAYTON, OHIO

**Remember
FYR-FYTER - After
the War**

A SERVICE FLAG

for YOUR FAMILY

Honor YOUR Service Man with this beautiful Service Flag in your window or home. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

ORDER FROM THIS AD

No. 21—Size 7x11" each... \$5.00
No. 23—Size 10x12" each... 75¢
No. 24—Size 12x15" each... \$1.00
No. 25—Size 15x24" each... \$1.50
Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also

Order today. Money promptly refunded if you are not satisfied.

Special sizes for Legion Posts, Lodge Halls, Churches, etc. Send for free catalogue.

U. S. FLAGS—Send for free catalogue.

REGALIA MFG. CO., Dept. A, Rock Island, Ill.

Old? Get Pep, Vim with Iron, Calcium, Vitamin B,

MEN, WOMEN of 40, 50, 60. Don't be old, weak, worn-out, exhausted. Take Ostrax. Contains tonics, stimulants often needed after 40—by bodies lacking Iron, Calcium, Vitamin B. Thousands now feel pepper years younger. Get Ostrax Tonic Tablets TODAY. Trial size 35¢. OR SAVE MONEY—get regular SI size (4 times as many tablets). Also ask about money-saving "Economy" size. At all druggists.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FIT Ends Sore Gums



A denture wearing chemist, who suffered from loose plates, and sore gums, decided to do something about it. The result, after long research and experiment, is DENTYTE, a revolutionary resilient rubberlike substance that perfectly shapes to the mouth even the poorest fitting plates, giving undreamed of comfort. It is odorless, tasteless, and may safely be used on any type plate. One application lasts for months. Instantly removable without solvents or scraping. Full size jar—a year's supply for one plate, (6 months for two) postpaid, only \$1.00. If not satisfied after 30 days trial, return unused portion, for full refund.

The Dental Products Corp., Dept. AL-73, Manheim, Pa.

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Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home



Professions of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private homes to those who pass through our training. The Army and Navy need hundreds trained in massage. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

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TO RHEUMATIC—ARTHritic PAIN SUFFERERS

If you are tortured by those pains usually associated with Rheumatism, Arthritis, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuralitis, rush name and address today for FREE Trial Package of the famous Case Combination Method. It has brought wonderful relief to thousands who used it as directed. If you are suffering, don't delay. Send name and address right now—a penny post card will do. Remember there's nothing to pay for this FREE trial Package. Write me.

PAUL CASE, DEPT. B-66, BROCTON, MASS.

Good News For Asthma Sufferers

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription called Mendaco perfected by a physician in his private practice contains ingredients which start circulating thru the blood within a very short time after the first dose, thus reaching the congested Bronchial tubes where it usually quickly helps liquefy, loosen and remove thick strangling mucus (phlegm), thereby promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep. Fortunately Mendaco has now been made available to sufferers from recurring spasms of Bronchial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved so helpful to so many thousands it is offered under a guarantee of money back unless completely satisfactory. You have everything to gain, so get Mendaco from your druggist today for only 60¢. The guaranteed trial offer protects you.

DIX? IT'S A FORT NOW

(Continued from page 28)

a conditioning camp for the men enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps. From March, 1933, until July, 1936, 115,000 CCC enrollees arrived at Dix, and more than 43,000 men were returned to that camp and mustered out.

In 1939, Dix was designated a permanent Army station and its name changed to Fort Dix. With war declared in Europe, our Government became defense-conscious and Dix was recognized as an important training camp. The following summer, plans for the development of Fort Dix were completed and building began. The 44th Division, a New Jersey National Guard unit, was the first to occupy the Fort as a training base. The CCC was eliminated from the area. New buildings to the number of 850 were erected for the 44th Division, and other facilities were renewed, improved or begun.

Since 1940—and figures since our active participation in the war on December 7, 1941, are not available—buildings erected at Fort Dix include 531 barracks, 173 day rooms, 178 mess halls, 172 buildings for storage and company administration, 35 recreation buildings, 41 administration buildings, 13 chapels, 14 infirmaries, 23 hospital barracks, 18 hospital quarters, 26 motor repair shops, 28 warehouses, 10 fire stations, 12 gasoline stations, 6 theaters, 17 igloos (what are they?) and 2 morgues. Many more buildings are in the blue-print stage. For the new inductees, of whom we reported literally thousands and thousands are being received, four Service Clubs, four cafeterias and four libraries are also available, as well as a Guest House, where overnight visitors of the soldiers at the Fort may stay. A large Sports Arena, a golf course, seven tennis courts and several baseball fields are also provided for the rookies, not mentioning a swimming pool and other swimming facilities at nearby lakes.

THIS contribution, if our memory serves us right, is the first posthumous one that has come to The Company Clerk. We refer to the photograph of the first parade of American Army Nurses in Paris, France, which is shown on page 28.

The photograph came to us with this interesting letter from Past Commander Harry R. Cabral of New Orleans Post, The American Legion, New Orleans, Louisiana, a member of the firm of Cabral, Courtin, Muller & Herman, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, 1605-06 Masonic Temple, in that southern city:

"I am executor of the Estate of the late Miss Minnie H. Mims, who was a United States Army Nurse in World War I.

"Among Miss Mims' effects I found the very interesting picture taken in

Paris, which I enclose. I thought some of those in this picture would be interested in seeing it in your Then and Now department."

We liked the photograph and we knew that the late Legionnaire Minnie Mims' former comrades would enjoy seeing it, so we asked Past Commander Cabral to ascertain and report to us more about it—with this result:

"The picture which I sent you was of the first parade of American Army Nurses which was held in Paris on July 4, 1918. The French people strewed flowers in the path of these women nurses. Miss Mims' outfit was the Tulane Hospital Unit of New Orleans. The Unit left for France during the fall of 1917 and was stationed at Limoges until the Armistice and thereafter stationed at Base Hospital 21 in Paris.

"Some of the nurses in this unit were: Miss Minnie H. Mims, assistant chief nurse, Miss Maude F. Mims, Miss Mary P. Little, Miss Carrie Godwin, Miss Charlotte Hill, Miss Mary Pargo, Miss Ida Mallory, Miss J. B. Ott, Miss Genella Lancing, Miss May Kauffman and Miss Ella Wall. All of these women were from New Orleans. The following nurses in the same Unit were from Birmingham: Miss Verna Glazner and Miss Lottie Glazner. Miss Pascal was from Florida. Miss Julia Stimson—I think she then held the Army rank of Major—was in command of the parade."

The Company Clerk would like to hear from the nurses who served with our late comrade, Minnie Mims.

ALL of us vets know, we take it for granted, that the Coast Guard which formerly was under direction of the Treasury Department is now where it should always have been—under command of the U. S. Navy, revenue patrol and former rum-running combat to the contrary notwithstanding.

We're almost sure that the Coast Guard has been represented in these columns before but listen to the lament of Legionnaire Howard G. Renwick, Rural Route 1, Blanchard, Michigan, with which he submitted the picture on page 28:

"Let's hear from the Coast Guard!

"I have been reading in Then and Now of every branch of the service but cannot recall seeing anything about the Coast Guard, and they were important in our earlier World War and rate headlines in this one.

"I enlisted at Grand Haven, Michigan, on June 11, 1918, and on the 14th was sent to the Barge Office at New York City. I stayed there only long enough to get breakfast and with two other men was sent up to New London, Connecticut. After training there about a month, I went aboard the U. S. S. *Onondaga* and made several trips up

HOW BIG AN ARMY?

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

HOW big an Army do we need to lick the Axis?

We have had a hundred answers from a hundred self-appointed "experts." But only one man is qualified to give the correct answer . . . and he has given it.

The President of the United States, Commander in Chief of the armed forces, after consultation with the generals and admirals who do the fighting, places the figure at 7,500,000 men.

He didn't just pull that number out of a hat. He arrived at it after painstaking research, after consideration of every eventuality, not by drug-store strategists, but by men who know.

LET'S break down the figure 7,500,000 and see how it's arrived at, of what it consists.

To begin with, if we could be sure the war would end promptly at midnight, December 31, 1943, we *might* get by with fewer men. But what military leader is rash enough to predict the exact day of surrender? Certainly not Admiral Leahy, General Marshall or Admiral King! They will tell you frankly that they don't know when the war will end.

They'll also tell you that they don't intend to send untried troops into battle. Today's mechanized soldier needs a full year of training. So the figure 7,500,000 includes all the new men who will just be starting their training on January 1, 1944. It includes those with only six months' training. It doesn't mean 7,500,000 soldiers on the fighting front.

Break down the number further. Of the total, some 2,000,000 or more will be in Air Forces. Is anyone foolish enough to state that we don't need all the trained flying men and all the trained ground crews we can get?

That leaves some 5,500,000 for the rest of the Army. Let's see how they are to be used.

First, there's coast defense. We need coast artillery not only in New York and San Francisco harbors, but all up and down all our shorelines. We

need it at Panama to protect the canal, in Pearl Harbor to prevent another December 7th. We need anti-aircraft regiments wherever there is danger. How many of these 5,500,000 men will be thus engaged is a military secret, but it is a sizable number.

We need soldiers to man the base ports and the staging areas, "housekeeping" troops scattered across the nation to manage camps and posts, to run military transportation, to act as police, to operate hospitals and storage depots and proving grounds. They are the "service troops." In a city of 5,500,000, think of the thousands of firemen, policemen, mail carriers, street cleaners, nurses, motormen, judges, power-plant operators, the men and women who maintain public services—this Army force corresponds to them and numerous hundreds of other thousands.

We already have a million men overseas. We have scores of regiments in training, almost ready to go over. We have new regiments forming, and each new regiment needs a cadre of ten percent of old men . . . men with a year's training.

You can't skimp anywhere along the line without throwing the system out of balance, without endangering the lives of men on the front by breaking down supply and administration at home.

OPPONENTS of the President's plan for 7,500,000 men contend that production will collapse if that number is taken into the Army. Germany, on the other hand, with only 80,000,000 people, now supports an army of 8,000,000. With an extra 50,000,000 on the home front, America at the same rate could support a fighting force of 13,500,000 men. We hope we'll not need that many. But this much is certain. The President and General Marshall are better qualified than any layman to tell us how many we do need. The American Legion, through National Commander Waring, has declared its wholehearted support of the Government in this decision to leave the size of our armed forces to men who have spent their lives preparing for this job.

THE AMERICAN LEGION, FOUNDED, PARIS, FRANCE, MARCH 15, 1919

Twenty-four Years of Service "for God and Country"



How American it is... to want something better!



UNTIL AFTER THE WAR not too many of us will be able to get "something better" in washing machines, new refrigerators and the like. But this doesn't keep us from *wanting*. It doesn't keep us from thinking, in this land of something better, of the better things—large and small—we are going after when the victory is won.

And even in the middle of war we can be thankful that many of the good things of life are still ours.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS which many Americans have discovered is a moderate beverage—an ale. Its famous 3-ring trade mark—a ring for "Purity," one for "Body," one for "Flavor"—has become the symbol for *something better in ale* to so many people that Ballantine has become...



America's largest selling Ale



To speed the day when we can have more "better things" buy war bonds and stamps

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N.J.

*"I'd walk many a mile
just to hand him
these Camels!"*



Send him
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First in
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*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



It's the most welcome gift you can send him...a carton of Camels
—the soldiers' favorite

SURE, you'd rather hand them to him...but you don't have to see him to know that he'll appreciate a carton of Camels. For with men in *all* the services, cigarettes are the gift they want most from home.

And when you send him Camels—the *mild, slow-burning* cigarette—you're sending the brand men in the service prefer. Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard—the favorite is Camel.* Send him a carton today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



MAYBE HE WEARS the O.D. of the Army—maybe the blue of the Navy and Coast Guard—or the forest green of the Marines—it's all the same: Camels, with that "I'd walk a mile for—" flavor, will be welcome as often as you send them. So—send him a carton of Camels today.